

Sewanee Review

[Founded 1892]

A Quarterly of Life and Letters

EDITED BY
WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER

January-March, 1932

IN THIS ISSUE:

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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
in the City of New York
PRESIDENT'S ROOM

May 8, 1931

Dr. William S. Knickerbocker
Editor of THE SEWANEE REVIEW
Sewanee, Tennessee

Dear Dr. Knickerbocker:

I have learned with interest that in 1932 the SEWANEE REVIEW will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of its establishment. We at Columbia feel a particular interest in the REVIEW and take special pride in it because of the fact that its first editor was our valued colleague, Professor William Peterfield Trent. For a long generation the SEWANEE REVIEW, founded by him, has upheld in the South the best literary standards of exposition and criticism, and we wish for it many more years of influence and prosperity.

Faithfully yours,

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

The Sewanee Review

[Founded 1892]

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[No. 1

Sewanee Review

Edited by

WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER

JANUARY-MARCH, 1932

by Gorham Munson

THE SEWANEE REVIEW

FROM 1892 TO 1930

The *Sewanee Review* is the oldest living critical and literary quarterly in the United States. Its first appearance was in November, 1892, and it will therefore be forty years of age in November, 1932. Beside it the *Yale Review*, founded in 1911, is youthful, and the *Virginia Quarterly*, established in 1925, scarcely more than an infant. As befits its greater age, the *Sewanee Review* has had five editors, whereas Governor Wilbur Cross has edited the *Yale Review* throughout its existence, and the *Virginia Quarterly* has had two editors. In her first chapter Dr. Alice Lucile Turner gives the history of the *Sewanee Review* up to January, 1930, the limit set for her study of its content.¹

The birthplace was the University of the South, where the dream of a literary center had long been cherished. In 1890 occurred an abortive attempt to realize this dream but the *University of the South Magazine* lived only a year. Then that distinguished scholar, William Peterfield Trent, came to the University of the South, and with him as guiding spirit a fresh venture was made, *The Sewanee Review, A Quarterly Journal*. It was announced that this Review "will be devoted to such topics of general Theology, Philosophy, History and Literature as require fuller treatment than they usually receive in the popular magazines and less technical treatment than they receive in specialist publications. In other words, the *Review* will conform more nearly to

¹*A Study of the Content of the Sewanee Review with Historical Introduction.* By Alice Lucille Turner, Ph.D. Published under the direction of George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn., 1930.

the type of the English Reviews than is usual with American periodicals."

In 1900 Professor Trent was called to Columbia University and John Bell Henneman came to Sewanee as professor of English and editor of the *Sewanee Review*. This is a good place, since we are viewing this magazine in retrospect, to mention Mr. Henneman's article, *Ten Years of the Sewanee Review*, vol. X, p. 479, 1902, and also the historical sketch, *Twenty-five Years of the Sewanee Review*, vol. XXV, p. 512, written by John MacLaren McBryde; it is to be hoped that Dr. Knickerbocker will make a forty-year survey next autumn. Mr. Henneman died in 1908. During a brief interim the faculty of the University of the South edited the *Sewanee Review*, but in November, 1909, it was announced that John MacLaren McBryde, Ph.D., had been appointed to the editorship, a post he filled until his resignation in November, 1919. To him goes credit for weathering dire financial vicissitudes, an ability that is rare among editors of intellectual reviews.

The next editor was George Herbert Clarke, who opened the pages of the magazine to verse, a desirable step, it seems to me, and abundantly justified by the fact that such poets as Margaret L. Woods, Melville Cane, John Jay Chapman, Donald Davidson, Mark Van Doren, Merrill Moore and John Crowe Ransom have taken advantage of the opening. In the last issue of 1925 Mr. Clark withdrew from the editorship to teach at Queen's University, Kingston, Canada (Mr. Clarke was of English birth and Canadian education), and his successor is the present editor, Dr. William S. Knickerbocker.

Dr. Turner's study must be of immense use to Dr. Knickerbocker. A conscientious editor studies the entire file of his magazine, acquaints himself with its history and former policies, strives whenever possible to develop a sense of continuity with the magazine's past. This Dr. Knickerbocker has evidently done, but Dr. Turner provides him with a neat systematization and analysis of the *Sewanee Review's* contents. It was laborious research on her part, but labor-saving to all future editors of the *Sewanee Review*. An epitome of her table of contents will reveal how thoroughly she has carried out her task. The book is divided into two parts, one devoted to Creative Writings and Factual Essays, the

other to Literary Criticism. The chapters of part one deal with Miscellaneous Essays and Poems, Fine Arts, Philosophy, Theology, and the Bible, Education, Biography, Contemporary Questions, and History. Part two divides the subject of Literary Criticism as follows: Editorials, Notes and Book Reviews, Classical Literature, Continental Literature, English Literature, and Literature and Literary Criticism in General. Each chapter concludes with a summary, as for instance this summary of Biography:

The *Sewanee Review* has shown a steady interest in biography. From two to four articles have appeared almost every year since the founding. Men who have helped in building, preserving, and improving government have been studied most frequently; churchmen next, and military and naval heroes third. Considerable attention has been given to foreign statesmen and churchmen, and very little attention to foreign naval and military heroes. A number of these articles must have a special appeal for those directly interested in the University of the South, since eight of the noted men whose lives and works are honored here have been connected with the University in various capacities from student to founder.

Turning over the pages of Dr. Turner's book—which will be useful as “archive material” to future historians of American periodicals—I am struck by the pride which the *Sewanee Review* editors, past and present, can take in their contributors. Here is a partial list of contributors whose names have effortlessly lodged in my memory: Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Paul Elmer More, P. H. Houston, Norman Foerster, G. R. Elliott, Alan Reynolds Thompson (Humanists all), Gilbert Cannan, John Galsworthy, Paul Selver (lights of British letters today), Allen Tate and other members of the Fugitives, James Branch Cabell, George E. DeMille, Ludwig Lewisohn (romanticists), Gamaliel Bradford and O. W. Firkins, independents—enough this is to show that the pages of the *Sewanee Review* have had distinction and vigor and illumination.

I should like to add that under its present editor the *Sewanee Review* appears to be challenging a wider attention. It is less purely academic than a few years ago; without losing academic strength it has appealed more to general cultivated readers and has projected itself more directly into the battles of current American let-

ters. I look on a quarterly as a third line of defence against mediocrity, and more particularly against the prestige which over-worked reviewers and advertising experts now succeed in conferring (at least briefly) upon mediocrity. Book reviewers should be the first in line, and the monthlies the second. In the third line are the quarterlies doing their great work of consolidation. But the third line should not be far behind the other two, and Dr. Knickerbocker, I believe, has moved his position closer to the front.

Dr. Turner's *Study of . . . the Sewanee Review* is not a critical work; the author sticks scrupulously to factual description and analysis. A piece of self-criticism ought to be performed, and in that survey of four decades of the quarterly which I hope Dr. Knickerbocker will write next year, perhaps he will show us how sharply self-critical the *Sewanee Review* is, how far it has fallen short of the "mental dummy" a good editor makes of his magazine. A keen dissatisfaction in the editorial office is the best pledge we can have of a greater growth and power in the periodical it puts forth.

Dr. Knickerbocker, I take it, is attempting to have the *Sewanee Review* fulfill the functions both of a sectional review and a national review. Furthermore, he is making a feature of studies of Victorian literature, and this is of great importance for the following reason. Revolt in American literature between 1912 and 1920 cut our lines of communication with the nineteenth century. They need to be restored. For what has happened is that the younger American writers, declaring their independence of the English tradition, have either resorted to inferior sources in late nineteenth century French verse or to weak sources near at hand in our literature (contemplate Sherwood Anderson as the founder of a school!) The débâcle of the late nineteen-twenties was inevitable: the new movements had not sufficiently fuelled themselves with the riches of the past. After the great efforts of the nineteenth century (Coleridge, Arnold, Nietzsche, Melville) which constitute a magnificent overture for the drama of the twentieth century, the curtain parted on an aimless farce. Perhaps the farce has been chased off, and the play is now about to spring from the themes stated by nineteenth century genius. This is one reason why the plans of Dr. Knickerbocker should be alertly watched.

by *Arthur E. DuBois*

GOGMAGOG AGOG

PEDAGOG and Demagog had stopped thinking for a moment beside a lakeful of blue ripples. Pedagog's heart glowed with a warmth that would have surprised him, had he not relaxed too completely to be conscious of it. And the heart of Demagog glowed too, like the very pink sunburns on his back. Recent bones of contention seemed cold and ugly and meatless as his well-covered skeleton stretched meltingly out on the sand.

"It's a funny world," said Pedagog, looking up at some white clouds.

"Uh-huh." Demagog's sunburns were beginning to pain him, and the blue ripples on the lake were beginning to wake up and chase the yellow sunbeams—the Fall was near. "I wonder what this humanism was, over which there was such a pother a short time ago. I read sixty-two articles on it, a symposium for it and a symposium against it, and reviews of both. Yet all together, they served only to increase my wonder."

"I dunno. Looks as if it were going to blow up a storm, doesn't it?"

"I don't think so. But this humanism—as near as I could make out, the humanists said. 'Let's get together and be common-sensible'."

"But that's what everybody said, and still says!"

"Sure! That was part of the trouble. Everyone turned out to be the humanist, and the humanist turned out to be anyone else. Mr. Eliot, for example, said that he was an Anglican, and everyone had some notion of what he was. Then the humanists came along, and Mr. Eliot signed up with them. And the humanists said that he was not a humanist, but a humanitarian! I suppose the rose's name has never mattered and doesn't matter now, but common-sense doesn't seem to me to have been a bit more common or sensible in the year of the humanists, 1930, than it was in 1929."

Pedagog liked having thought of his father's saying so well, that now he said again, "It's a funny world." He was still looking

up at the clouds which were turning black and blue, bruised by a wind" rising in wrath. "I think it's blowing up a storm, don't you?"

"Nonsense! We never knew enough about it. That ought to have been your job, to find out about such things and teach us so that we could know what to go out and preach."

Pedagog roused himself. "Well, I didn't have time to go into the matter thoroughly—I read only thirty-four of the sixty-two articles. But my friend Gog will know all about it. He was at the Guildhall when Erasmus praised the folly of More's voyage to Utopia. And this humanism was a Utopian product of some kind or other—at least, I remember being told that it was when I was at the University."

"You're thinking of the old humanism, aren't you? You know of course that there was a new humanism too. The old humanists had to learn Greek, and like it, before they could qualify. But I don't think many of the new humanists cared two cents about Greek."

"Well, Gog and Magog will know about the new as well as the old. They're almost pathetic—they see all and they know all, and people who see all and know all can never be very happy. But they're often very helpful for that very reason. If you're still interested, let's go over and talk with them."

Pedagog and Demagog walked a long way. Gog and Magog belonged to Henry Ford now, but neither minded, for each was a philosopher interested in the wide, wide world. And there were other things to talk about besides Capital and the Wage-Slave. Gog and Magog had seen a lot of the world from their old perch on top of the Guildhall in London. And they had heard even more than they had seen, even in Biblical times. Having gotten the habit this early, they managed still to keep up-to-date even in America.

Gog was a humanist because, though he respected the past, he resented being called a mere museum relic of it, an old wooden god. Ironically enough, even as a humanist he was now a relic of the past as Magog frequently assured him. On the other hand, Magog had never been a humanist because he could not help remembering the past, all of it.

When Pedagog and Demagog appeared before them, Pedagog at once demanded, "Gog, what was the new humanism?"

Demagog: Yes, Gog, what was the new humanism? Mr. Eliot said that it was simply impossible without religion and that religion was impossible without it. Was that so, and had it always been so? Is it possible to have religion without a god? If not, is it possible to have a god without religion? And is it possible to have humanism without either?

Pedagog: And did Mr. Eliot get his humanism from Hulme or from his own intuition?

Demagog: And was humanism an attitude, a dogma, or a credo? Could it be all of them at once? And if so, why?

Pedagog: And who was right? Mr. Foerster seemed to think that literary history would be a bit more respectable if it were a bit more humanistic. But Mr. Knickerbocker didn't believe that the humanist knew the difference between literary history and literary criticism. And Mr. Shafer didn't believe that Mr. Knickerbocker was worth serious attention. Didn't the new humanists have any use for scholarship or literary history? And shouldn't the humanist have distinguished literary criticism from literary history? Or—

Demagog: And is there any difference between a possible "true humanism" and the "new humanism"?

Pedagog: What was the difference between the humanism of Babbitt and More and that of Erasmus and More?

One could have heard a pin drop in the Ford Museum if either Pedagog or Demagog had stopped speaking. Now Gog opened his mouth to speak also. It was a part of the scheme of things that whenever Gog opened his mouth to speak, Magog opened his mouth also. But Magog never said anything until after Gog had said something. And Gog never said anything until Magog opened his mouth; so now, Magog opened his mouth, and Gog started to speak.

Gog: They want to know, what was the new humanism.

Magog: It's a funny world.

Gog: It is not! It is a very serious world. And the new humanism is still the only common-sensible thing in it.

Magog: Quite so—the new humanism is the only common-

sensible thing in the world. But common-sense is never necessary except when one is confronted by two or more opposite, incontrovertible truths. Somebody calls man a beast, an ape. Somebody else calls him an angel, a little god. Wondering what he himself may be, the man calls upon his common-sense and it tells him that he is a man. Common-sense is the irresistible force supposed to move two or more immovable bodies. Always opposed thus to sense, common-sense is but nonsense. And humanism is downright nonsense in a funny world.

Gog: It's serious!

Magog: It's funny!

Gog: You're a muddle-headed cocoon.

Magog: You're an addle-pated fossil.

Gog: You're an ill-informed scribbler.

Magog: You're a rabid ignoramus.

Gog: You're a rambling tumble-weed, good for nothing.

Magog: You're a fanciful boaster, good at everything—yes, you are!

Gog: You're a liar.

Magog: In the last step of my syllogism, I premised implicitly that you talked too indiscriminately about yourself!

Demagog looked at Pedagog, and Pedagog looked at Demagog, and both looked at Gog and Magog who were glaring at each other. If John D. Rockefeller had dropped a dime on the Museum floor at that moment, its fall would have sounded like a crash of thunder in a cave full of echoes. Magog had closed his mouth tightly with his last retort, having that much presence of mind even in his anger. Consequently Gog could say no more immediately.

"But what about the new humanism?" demanded Pedagog and Demagog together.

Gog opened his mouth to speak, for he was full of the subject. Magog opened his also, for he had thought of a caustic comment. And in this manner Gog was enabled to talk again.

Gog: The new humanism will bring order and beauty into the world, which you and your kind have made over into a mere Chaos. It will make men into super-men, not through machines, but through their own intuition—it will bring out the best in them.

Magog: Yes! You have just given us a sample of the new humanism!

Gog: I have not!

Bagog: You're a canary singing in a cyclone.

Gog: You're a ghost consigned to Limbo.

Magog: You're not worth a picayune.

Gog: I have as much money as you have.

Magog: But you lack sense!

Gog: You ought to choke on that old gag. You're a machine. You can't move unless someone turns a crank.

Magog: Well, at least I'm not a crank as you are. You're an ethereal butterfly who'll soil your wings in the rain.

Gog: You're a muck-raker.

Magog: You steal thunder.

Gog: You're a slave to sordid experiences, an agent in a chemical formula. You don't have the merit of being even a catalytic.

Magog: You—

Gog: You're committing suicide in your own despair.

Magog: You—you—

Gog: You're making a decent world indecent.

Magog: You—you—

Gog: You're the inventor of the Nine-to-Five.

Magog: You're nothing but a sheer, mere, unadulterated human being, that's what you are!

Gog: I'm not! I wouldn't be one for all the world.

Magog: What! You wouldn't be a human being? I thought you were a humanist!

Gog: I am!

Gog had the last word. With it Magog closed his lips tightly together, locked them, never to open them again. And so Gog never could say any more either, not even another last word. Pedagog and Demagog beseeched Magog to open his mouth so that Gog could speak, just once to open his mouth! But Magog refused, and finally Gog was forced to close his mouth forever too. For there was no use in undoing his lips if he couldn't say anything, and he couldn't say anything until Magog opened his mouth.

"Well, well," said Pedagog. "It's a funny world. I think—I wouldn't be a bit surprised if it blew up a storm."

Demagog was a man of action, so he wasted little time with words. He seized the ancient birch rod of the schoolmaster to whose school Mary went when she had a little lamb. It had been lying near to Gog and Magog, and Demagog used it with deadly effect.

When Pedagog was fit to be removed only after the Coroner had inspected him, Demagog rushed out into the storm, through the wind and the hail and the rain, back to the lake where he had gotten his sunburn. No echo arose from his billowy grave. But the wisest of owls in the tallest of oaks at the longest of midnights hooted TIT-WILLOW throughout the *Valley of Hamongog*.

by Harold T. Pulsinger

TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW . . .

Give a lover who shall be
Earth and sun, and stars to me,
This is all I ask of Thee!

Give a babe to suckle me,
Life were sweet if this might be;
This is all I ask of Thee!

Let my man-child master be
Of the dreams that troubled me,
This is all I ask of Thee!

Give, O Lord, this boon to me,
Let my son's son valiant be;
No more than this I ask of Thee!

Let me rest before I go
Quiet as the fallen snow,
This is all I hope to know!

by C. Hartley Grattan

THE PRESENT SITUATION IN AMERICAN LITERARY CRITICISM

THE distinctions to be drawn between the various critics in active practice at any time are always rather arbitrary and likely to be convincing only to other critics. All of them live in the same intellectual climate and deal with the same problems if they touch contemporary literature at all—and what critics do not? The general reading public is easily bored by talk of schools and influences and allegiances and ideological connections. It is satisfied with the elementary division between good critics and bad critics or those whose work is easy and pleasant to read and those whose writings are dull. When it comes to discussing approaches to criticism or the general outlook of a particular critic only the broadest description is of interest. It takes little detailed knowledge to catch the difference between V. F. Calverton and H. L. Mencken or Irving Babbitt and J. E. Spingarn. What divides these men is obvious to the most casual reader and as likely as not the impression they make upon a general reader is determined by non-intellectual factors too personal to be interesting to others.

The professional writers of literary criticism, however, are given to making fine-spun distinctions and elaborate differentiations based on what must often appear to be very slight evidence. It is proposed in this essay to present an exercise of this sort in as interesting a fashion as is possible. It is necessary to realize, in the first place, that it is impossible to name all the active writers of criticism in a brief paper let alone give an adequate exposition of the position of any individual critic or group of critics, and that the writer must, therefore, rely heavily upon the reader's previous acquaintance with the writings of the men mentioned. If the reader has this knowledge, this paper will assist him to classify and relate his information. If he does not possess it, the es-

say will serve as an introduction to the field.¹ In the second place the writer must attempt to indicate the direction in which the various schools he designates are moving. He does not, however, foresee the assimilation of the various groups into one all-powerful group, but he does look forward to a sharper division among the various critics because of the certainty that issues broader perhaps than literature will be raised within the next few years. These issues will be discussed in the second part of this paper.

I

The first task is to discuss the various schools of criticism which are flourishing in America today. The older men may be divided into two groups, the impressionists and the academic-historical group. In the first group we find H. L. Mencken and James Huneker. These men take criticism essentially to be a record of the reactions of the critic to the literary object and that consequently the resulting writing is in itself a creative art. They rely heavily upon the quality of their own minds for the interest of their critical products and use the author as an excuse for a piece of writing rather than for a close analysis of the author. They may use biographical and environmental facts in varying degrees, depending upon temperamental bias and the need they feel for purveying "information".²

In the second group we have Carl Van Doren, Henry Canby, Stuart Sherman and Ludwig Lewisohn. These men are all, in origin, professional scholars and teachers in the field of literature and base their judgments upon their historical knowledge. Their written work is, therefore, less temperamental than that of the impressionists and gains importance by the learning it reflects. In fact, their criticism is essentially an effort to bring writers into the

¹It need hardly be remarked that almost every Professor of English is a potential critic. If I should undertake to name all of the professors and describe their work I should never have done. Most of them would fall into one of two classifications that appear in this discussion: Humanists and academic-historical with the latter predominating. I have tried to confine myself to those critics whose work has some obvious effect upon the reading public. The work of the professors seeps down to the general reader through the writings of the more "professional" writers of criticism.

²The *reductio ad absurdum* of this school in America is to be found in Benjamin de Cassere's declaration: "I am a gustatorian. A gustatorian is a critic whose judgments are founded on spontaneous, intuitional taste and who does not analyze or weigh, but apotheosizes or slays." See *Mencken and Shaw* (Silas Newton, publisher, N. Y., 1930) page ix.

broad stream of the literary tradition. Since they are of the left wing in the teaching profession they have done much to make such writers as Lewis, Cabell, Dreiser, Hergesheimer, Cather and others of that generation "respectable". It is interesting to note that whereas Canby and Van Doren have not materially changed their opinions since they first appeared on the literary scene, Sherman was metamorphosed from a somewhat shaky Humanist into a fair imitation of an impressionist and Lewisohn changed from a learned impressionist into a fervent doctrinaire.

Drawing upon the techniques of both of these groups is a group of practising journalists who are critics in varying degree. We may place here Burton Rascoe, Harry Hansen, Ernest Boyd, John Macy, and Llewellyn Jones. It would not do, it may be, to enquire too closely into the principles of these writers, but they assume great importance if valued as influences upon the reading tastes of the reading public. I have recorded my considered opinion of Rascoe in the preface to his *A Bookman's Daybook*. Hansen is essentially an essayist on literature, as one can see by examining his *Midwest Portraits*, a neglected book of great merit. Boyd is perhaps the most perfect illustration of the effect of crossing the viewpoint of the Mencken-Huneker school with the technique of the academic historians. One of the most judicious of reporters on the traditional literature of Europe, he is rather too ready to dismiss the experimental and too lacking in sympathy for what does not meet with his approval from the standpoint of ideas as distinguished from aesthetic presentation. John Macy is the oldest member of this group and as long ago as 1912 started the contemporary revaluation of American literature with *The Spirit of American Literature*. He is thus a sort of ancestor of the Brooks-Mumford school. He is also the most traditional and conservative of the group. Llewellyn Jones has academic and pedagogical tendencies and is marked off from every other "practising journalist" by a consuming interest in metrics. In his theory he is a Crocean. This group has a tremendous influence upon literary journalism and certainly in the person of Harry Hansen lays claim to the most influential literary journalist of the day.

The Brooks-Mumford school¹ makes its obeisance to both

¹These men have absorbed much of the thought of Randolph Bourne (1886-1918). Mumford, though, is hostile to John Dewey, one of Bourne's masters.

Mencken and the academic-historians, but proceeds on different lines to different ends. It is influenced by the aesthetic ideas of Joel E. Spingarn and by the mysticism of Waldo Frank and Paul Rosenfeld, upon whom it also exerts a reciprocal influence in the field of social criticism (compare Mumford's *Golden Day* with Frank's *Rediscovery of America*). The essential purpose of this group is three-fold in its expression: it desires to discover in the American tradition those writers who have something to say to us, to determine why and for what reasons American artists have failed in the past and to create an environment in which literature may flourish. Now this three-fold programme has resulted in some very fine work which it is not necessary to discuss here and it is this group which has had the most profound influence upon the younger American critics and writers. There will be occasion later to indicate the various groups which are influenced by the Brooks-Mumford school as well as certain groups, previously indifferent, which are moving toward the Brooks-Mumford position. A by-product of the Brooks-Mumford attitude has been the urge to prophecy or the weakness for making a wish for a renaissance father to the thought that with all the fertilizing streams diverted into the American literary desert by their efforts it will certainly come.

Worthwhile critics seldom exactly reproduce the ideas and methods of their literary god-fathers, so it is perhaps over-simplifying the problem to list any men as followers of the Brooks-Mumford outlook. Yet an acquaintance with the work of Newton Arvin, T. K. Whipple, Henry Hazlitt, Granville Hicks and John Chamberlain leads inescapably to the conclusion that they are all best described as members of the school. The differences between them are more the product of fields of interest, capacity for expression and other matters, than disagreement on fundamental ideas. Perhaps Henry Hazlitt is more tenuously related than the others.

This school has lately received some recruits from a group of writers previously known for their preoccupation with aesthetic problems. (Critics concerned with aesthetic problems may be taken as those preoccupied with the technical and manipulative aspects of literature). Messrs. Cowley, Burke, and Josephson have been, in the past, identified with such periodicals as *The*

Dial and *Broom*. One of Josephson's earliest publications was an edition of Guillaume Apollinaire's *The Poet Assassinated* with a preface and notes and Kenneth Burke's only book, entitled *White Oxen* is an experiment in the "more rhetorical properties of letters".⁴ Malcolm Cowley's poems show a gradual shift in point of view of which he is conscious and in a series of articles in *Books* he gave evidence of a preoccupation with the problem of living in the machine age attacked from the sociological angle. Of these men only Matthew Josephson has shown unmistakably that he has accepted the general outlook of the Brooks-Mumford school. His book, *Portrait of the Artist as American*, is a product of this outlook. Cowley is a strong-minded, independent writer and is hardly likely to go as far as Josephson. Burke's allegiance is still somewhat hazy, for he continues to experiment in the "rhetorical properties of letters" while contributing essays of a definitely sociological, and a sociology of a Mumfordish, variety to *The New Republic*.

The significance of this movement can easily be overestimated and it will appear later why it may be regarded as by-play when compared to a more profound realignment of forces which is bound shortly to come. Meanwhile we may examine two schools of writers but slightly differentiated from the Brooks-Mumford group, the first including Edmund Wilson, J. W. Krutch, V. L. Parrington and the present writer; and the second, V. F. Calverton, Michael Gold and various minor figures. The first group differs from the Brooks-Mumford school in that it is more concerned with explaining the histories of writers with reference to the environment, physical and mental, than in passing moral judgment upon the distortions and defeats imposed by the environment upon writers of the past. Furthermore it does not make a fetish of the cliché, a usable past, and it does not indulge in prophecy beyond the sensible limit of pointing out trends or predicting on the basis of available evidence, reactions against prevailing opinions which seem about to take place. These writers thus escape being horizon-chasers like the Brooks-Mumford critics. Of this group Edmund Wilson is perhaps most preoccupied with the influence of ideas upon writers and groups of writers and with

⁴Since the above was written, Kenneth Burke has published a second book, *Counter Statement*. New York, Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931.

their expression in various guises in apparently dissimilar writers. His interest, too, has been chiefly in writers of Europe and partakers of the general European tradition. Grattan is almost exclusively concerned with American writers and with the impact of ideas upon the literary scene. Krutch's approach is psychological and historical and his interests are very broad, extending as they do into the current drama. The deceased Dr. Parrington was essentially an historian rather than a critic, Jeffersonian in political outlook and influenced by both Taine and Marx in his treatment of the evolution of ideas in American literature. He was weak in aesthetic perception almost in proportion as Wilson is strong. In general outlook this group is close to another allied group, the economic determinists.

This school, the most prominent representatives of which are V. F. Calverton and Michael Gold, and in which minor figures are Joseph Freeman, Joshua Kunitz and Bernard Smith, is like the Brooks-Mumford group even to having a prophetic bias. It is, in various degrees, Communistic, and looks forward to a revolutionary change in society. In its interpretation of culture it relies upon the doctrine of economic determinism. However, recent writings of Calverton lead one to suspect that the more rigid application of this theory has become an impossibility for him and that we may expect him to give some attention to more purely aesthetic considerations in the future. In their judgments of writers these men are somewhat biased by the known or implied economic outlook of the writer and particularly by his attitude toward Communism. It would be impossible to say, however, that this bias is any more damaging than V. L. Parrington's bias in favor of radically democratic writers. Unlike the purely aesthetic critics, these men have no hostility to propaganda in art, provided the propaganda is of the correct sort and they would tend to agree with the moralistic critic of art that its social effect is one of the most important factors to be considered. In general, it may be said that, aside from their revolutionary outlook, these writers differ very little from environmentalists and determinists whose outlook is, consciously or unconsciously, bourgeois. They would undoubtedly reply that the revolutionary outlook makes a large and imposing difference.

In violent contrast with the economic determinists is the moralistic group known as the new humanists. The leaders are Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More and they are distinguished by a decided conservatism in economic affairs, an opposition to any application of the scientific method to social matters or to the individual as a biological entity, and to romanticism in art. Of the various followers these men have attracted, only two have shown any disposition to engage in constant writing, Robert Shafer and Norman Foerster. The rest are willing to make occasional forays upon the critical scene, mostly for the purpose of reiterating the attitudes with which all readers of contemporary criticism are excessively familiar.

Shading off from the humanists is a group of three men, all different perhaps, but united in giving the humanists more respect than is customary with the younger writers. These men are Gorham Munson, Yvor Winters and Bernard Bandler. Munson and Bandler are perhaps nearest to the humanists and Munson nearest of all. All of them—particularly Winters—are more interested in the æsthetic properties of letters than in the social aspects. Of them all, Bandler, who is possessed of an elaborate philosophical equipment, seems to have the greatest potentiality for growth and for thinking through to logical conclusions the problems he poses. Winters is bound up in a rationalization of a particular variety of poetic experience, while Munson is so habituated to devouring ideas uncritically that he loses the respect his genuine devotion to letters might gain for him.

Winters and Bandler are sympathetically inclined to the Cowley-Burke-Josephson group in its pristine form, but do not show signs of following these men into the Brooks-Mumford group. The same may be said of the group known as the neo-Confederates, of which the most conspicuous representatives are Allen Tate and John Crowe Ransom. Both are distinguished by an interest in the æsthetic aspects of literature, by an opposition to industrialism as a basis for society and by a desire to return to an old-fashioned religious outlook.⁴ Tate's religious notions are somewhat com-

⁴We touch here on the problem of regionalism since the Tate-Ransom outlook is bound up with a social programme for reviving a distinctive Southern culture. See Cary McWilliams's *The New Regionalism* for a survey of this topic (University of Washington *Chapbooks*, No. 46). Mr. McWilliams does not deal with regionalism in criticism except to discuss the rationalization of regionalism evolved by B. A. Botkin.

plicated by the fact that he has been heavily influenced by T. S. Eliot (of whom more in a moment) but Ransom is content to declare his belief that the need is to return to the stern, implacable, irresponsible God of the Hebrews.

Standing outside all these schools and groups is T. S. Eliot. Eliot is more universally accepted as a poet than as a critic and man of ideas. His programme is tentatively summarized as an allegiance to royalism in politics, Anglo-Catholicism in religion, and classicism in literature. There is small possibility that the first item will influence writers in this country and the effect of the second item seems to be to complicate the thinking of those critics who are full of a desire to return to the church. The last, however, is exerting a strong influence, particularly by the example of practice and we may detect Eliot's influence on Bernard Bandler, on Tate, as well as on many minor writers whose work has as yet not impressed itself upon the reading public. Eliot, too, is a sympathetic critic of the humanists and undoubtedly helped to gain them a hearing in recent years. On the other hand, it is important to remember that Eliot's mind was influenced by Humanist teaching in his Harvard days.

Equally outside all these groups are the very few American Roman Catholic writers on literature, most of whom cluster around *The Commonweal*. The influence of these writers, actual or potential, is difficult to estimate. The Roman Catholics have not shown themselves, in this country, much concerned with literary matters and the appearance of a writer like George N. Shuster is novel, however important. It is probably true that the European Roman Catholic writers like Chesterton and Belloc in England and Maritain and Massis in France will be more influential than their American counterparts.

II

In treating of Eliot and the Roman Catholic writers, we have arrived at the place where the issues mentioned in the beginning may be treated. It was said that there were certain matters which should produce important differences of opinion if properly presented. Allowance must be made for the fact that certain critics whose interests are narrow will not be particularly influenced by the currents of thought these matters start, no matter how violent

the controversies resulting, but the critics more aware of the general body of thought will find it difficult to avoid taking a position upon them. These issues are: (1) the economic issue; (2) the religious issue; (3) the scientific issue.

The economic issue is in a fair way to being forced by the logic of events. Only the most somnolent mind can avoid being aware of the fact that the Russian experiment is a challenge to all the economic notions of this country except in the field of technology. If our writers are not entirely without an interest in economic matters, they cannot avoid examining American society in the light of Russian ideas, aspirations, and accomplishments. Such an examination will inevitably breed a desire to realize some of the fruits of the Russian effort here or a determination to oppose the Russian programme in a stern and dogmatic fashion. Werner Sombart points out that there is no philosophy of capitalism and indeed that "neither the term nor the concept has as yet been universally recognized by representatives of academic economies". Until a philosophic justification is built up the writers who declare in support of the present system will find it rather difficult successfully to meet the writers with radical leanings. The prejudices of the dominant classes will be on the side of the conservative group but the logic and the ideas will be on the side of the radicals. The poverty of conservative apologetics is well illustrated by the economic writings of Babbitt and More and by that curious book, *The American Rich* by Hoffman Nickerson.

The religious issue, while safer, is hardly likely to be less productive of excited controversy. It is difficult to talk about religion without being accused of prejudice and related crimes and misdemeanors. But there is little doubt that the influence of T. S. Eliot and Jacques Maritain will lead to a somewhat heated argument about the validity of religion as a basis for life in the modern age. If we are to rest our case on a congealed traditionalism, we must throw overboard the major part of the intellectual achievements in Western Europe since the so-called Renaissance. In fact the religious issue seems closely connected with the economic issue and also with the scientific issue, largely by an accident of circumstances. It may just be that the religionists will find it necessary, willy-nilly, to support American capitalism against Communism

and Thorstein Veblen's "lore" against the conclusions of the scientists, social or otherwise; a necessity which should give pause to some of those writers tending toward the acceptance of some religious formulation.

The literary justification of religion is that it provides the basis for a scheme of values which has permanent validity. Communism presumably destroys religion but obviously gives rise to values just as valid in a pragmatic sense as those religion ever evolved, a fact which religionists are reluctant to admit. They allege, too, that the scientific method and outlook, which can ally with Communism or capitalism at will, cannot provide one with values and indeed destroy values. There is, consequently, a wider opposition to the free application of the scientific method than that entertained by the humanists. The question of science and values has never been thrashed out intellectually and at length, and the only discussion of the matter at all illuminating is that by Henry Hazlitt in *The Critique of Humanism*. There can be small doubt however that the great need today is the closing of the gap between the intellectual processes which provide the material basis for our society and the intellectual processes allowed in other fields like politics, religion and art.⁵ The usual attitude toward this matter is not the one just expressed, but that phrased by John Gould Fletcher in *The American Caravan IV*: "One cannot protest too strongly at the tendency in the present day of some scientists to usurp the entire field of the poetic and creative imagination, or the contrary tendency of certain art theorists to suppose that every achievement of the human spirit is amenable to immediate scientific analysis." Now as to the first part of this opinion one may say that the tendency is perhaps inevitable and not to be arrested by scolding. The second opinion is open to but one criticism. If certain optimistic writers are claiming that 'every achievement of the human spirit' is 'amenable to immediate scientific analysis' then they must be called to order. If, however, they claim that there is every reason to believe that the scientific method will achieve triumphs as yet unpredicted in this field, we cannot fail to say "Yea". For as Launcelot Hogben points out in his important

⁵The writer has gone into this matter in another connection in an essay with the borrowed title, "The Treason of the Intellectuals" in *Behold America!*, a symposium edited by Samuel Schmalhausen (Farrar & Rinehart, 1931).

book, *The Nature of Living Matter*, the problem of conscious behaviour is now being studied by the traditional methods of physiology, a statement which tremendously damages the pretensions of the vitalists in biology and of those physicists like Eddington and Whitehead who are finding in physics support for ideas like that of free will, to the gratitude of art-theorists like Mr. Fletcher.

These issues are of immense importance and literary critics will be brought by one accident or another to debate them. If it be objected that they are outside the province of the literary critic, one may reply that literature is as broad as life and that to the best critics nothing human is alien. It is only by leaving no element of one's *weltanschauung* unexplored that one can prepare to write literary criticism of greater value than mere chatter about books.

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by Gorham Munson

THE FLEDGLING YEARS, 1916-1924

I N 1896 the fairy godmother who attends the births of literary Americans was kept moderately busy. She skipped about that year—to Chicago where John Roderigo Dos Passos was born, to St. Paul for the birth of Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald, to the East Side of New York to lay her little wand on the brow of Michael Gold (*né* Irwin Granich), to Tennessee where Roark Bradford had entered the wilderness called life, to Rochester for the birth of a playwright, Philip Barry, to Ohio for Louis Bromfield's birth and there she prophesied a good deal about royalties and serial rights and the commerce of books, and in the autumn she flew over to Austria-Hungary where a future American poet was already sending up soft cries to heaven, Isidor Schneider. I too was born in that year in a town on Long Island called Amityville, a strange-sounding birthplace for one who was to be sent again and again into the bear garden of polemics. My parents distinctly remember the musings of the fairy. In the midst of other things she suddenly said, "Your son will be a black sheep in his own generation. But he will never ask for quarter nor give quarter."

* * *

Everyone has a date to mark the beginning of one's own intellectual life. I mark mine from the year 1916. In its summer I prowled about Greenwich Village for a first taste of the bohemianism characteristic of my generation. In the college library that fall I was electrified by the first number of the *Seven Arts* which introduced me to the idea of nationalism in our literature and to the work of Waldo Frank, to whom my debt was once heavy. One day on the shelves of the library a title danced before my eyes—what made it seem to leap at me? The title was *America's Coming-of-Age*, the author was Van Wyck Brooks, and from him I learned something hitherto unsuspected:—American civilization had been a series of failures. Thus I was initiated into the social criticism that was even then on the ascendant. A little later, and I was reading Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* and subscribing

myself to the most fantastic cult of the coming decade. In short, in 1916 while a senior at college I joined my literary generation. I did not know it then, nor did this generation know of its existence. But scattered over the nation young men of twenty were taking secret oaths to swim in the new currents, and in a few years they were to hear of each other, were in many cases to meet each other.

• • •

In the spring of 1919 I was living in the Village. Under a pseudonym I had already contributed what I considered, God help me, to be "pastels in prose" to Joseph Kling's *Pagan*, I was reviewing books for the fortnightly *Dial*, I was acting in Duncan MacDougall's Barn Theatre. One morning while I was clerking for Joe Kling in his bookshop, an energetic youth walked in and Kling introduced us. He and Kling roared at each other for a while, and then the youth suggested to me that we dine together. I went up to Seventy-second Street that evening and Hart Crane and I talked wildly about William Vaughn Moody, the *Little Review*, Sherwood Anderson and other oncoming celebrities.

That was the beginning of a friendship that lasted six or seven years. Crane was precocious with a streak of what seemed to me then to be genius. And certainly very few of our contemporary poets have been quite so acutely seized by their themes. When "possessed" by the poem he wished to write, Crane was a little demonic, striding back and forth in his room with the phonograph blaring away, halting to change the record or to put down a few lines at his desk.

I once visited him in Cleveland and sat, trying to read, through the tempest while he finished the first part of *For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen*. It ends with these lines:—

Accept a lone eye riveted to your plane,
Bent axle of devotion along companion ways
That beat, continuous, to hourless days—
One inconspicuous, glowing orb of praise.

The stimulus for them was a drawing Lescaze had made of Crane, the left eye almost vacant, the right eye very prominent; the drawing seemed to revolve about the right eye. Crane called himself a

mystic and had a theory that in mystics the right eye is often piercing, whereas the left is ordinary.

Mrs. William Vaughn Moody had spotted Crane's talent when he was sixteen and sent him to meet Ridgely Torrence in New York. He met Conrad Aiken on the same trip—whether through Mrs. Moody or not I do not remember. The *Little Review*, foremost in recognizing new writers of real promise, had already printed him. So early was he recognized, but I believe I was his first steady champion, pressing his unpublished verse on all my friends, including a few years later Waldo Frank, Glenway Wescott, and Kenneth Burke, getting it printed where I could (in the *Modernist* and *Secession*), writing the first essay about his merits and having to wait several years to get it published. By that time there was a little hue-and-cry about *White Buildings*.

He was a remarkable companion in 1919 in one's attempts to gulp down modernity. There was the verse of Eliot and Pound without benefit of critical exegesis. Month by month *Ulysses* was appearing in the *Little Review*, dumbfounding, I dare say, every reader. And Wyndham Lewis's *Tarr* was not an easy novel to assimilate. Crane read these works with gusto; his perceptions were random but often brilliant; it was his enthusiasm, however, that most kindled one for adventures.

* * *

1919-1921, Years of Muddle. The war, the peace, the flare-up of liberal hopes, the extinction of them, deportations and protests, the Lusk Committee and the Steel Strike, Bolshevism in Russia, Prohibition in the U. S., Villard on the *Nation*, Thayer converting the *Dial* into an arts periodical, O'Neill reaching Broadway, Sinclair Lewis selling on Main Street; the Jazz Age in manners starts, in literature a new generation, Dreiser and Mencken charging like pachyderms at its head, sweeps into power—a kaleidoscopic confusing time for all, and most of all for us youngsters. We lived by our wits and economies, went to socialist meetings at the Rand School and to Christine's restaurant over the Provincetown Players, wrote reviews for Francis Hackett on the *New Republic* and articles for the *Freeman*, and spread our stories and verse around in the little magazines.

It was natural for us to be in a muddle. And excuses can be

made for our elders. They were gloriously muddled. Echoes of Spingarn's stump speeches for self-expression floated to our ears, Mencken bade us enjoy ourselves as at a circus, Brooks exhorted us to be wistfully hopeful of the promise of American life while we dug with a faint grief in our heritage to find a "usable past", Pound fumed at us from across the water (soon, he said, the U. S. A. will be known as the Y. M. C. A.), Williams in Rutherford, New Jersey, ejaculated the magic word, "Contact" and issued manifestos for localism, mounds of Paul Rosenfeld's jelly-prose oscillated grotesquely in the *Dial*—and we took it all in with a large and not very discriminating appetite. We heard the drums beat for a score of revolts. There seemed to be plenty of energy spilling into print. And on one point everyone did seem agreed: the facts of our national life must be honestly faced.

Revolt fitted our temper. We were not disposed to go to school any more (that is, to respect and study mastery); we were all going to be "original". Ah, yewth, yewth! The loudest in proclaiming their originality were the most imitative; they became Menckensians, a pestiferous race now dying of intellectual inanition.

It is very difficult to feel oneself back in 1921. The best way is to fasten on one or two authors whose reputations are now in a state of total deflation but who were flying high that year. Sandburg will do but a better choice is Sherwood Anderson. He was to receive the first *Dial* Award at the end of '21, lengthy essays were written about his "art", he occupied a commanding place in the new surge forward. In fact, he was just ready to be spoiled, to turn the corner from simplicity to simplism, to lose his artlessness for a silly affected baby-language. In what stage was our literary criticism, our public taste, that a man like Anderson could be so overrated? The one explanation there can be is that our critics were in a state of enthusiastic muddle.

In this romantic confusion there was a sour note sounded by Harold Stearns. He wrote a series of essays in 1921 around the single idea, the thing for a young American to do is to get the hell out of his brazen country. Stearns sailed for the *Café du Dôme* on July 4, 1921, to join the "Lost Battalion" of my generation, the expatriates. Later that month, and less dramatically, my wife and I took ship to spend a year in Europe, living on our savings

and profiting by the advantageous exchange-rates for the dollar.

* * *

I had no definite plans. Reading, thinking, traveling, the writing of some essays—self-education is perhaps the word to sum the activities in view. Having been in rapid succession a liberal, a socialist, a supporter of the Soviets, I had called myself for a couple of years a philosophical anarchist and had written for *Freedom*, an underground sheet published at the Ferrer colony, Stelton, New Jersey. Anarchism was an emotional choice; I waved aside the question of practicality. The vision of Kropotkin would prove practical in the washing, I told myself, and shied away from inquiries. In literature my taste was voraciously catholic; I ranged from George Moore to Pascal. Among living writers in my country Waldo Frank was most appealing, and his *Our America* I regarded as the bible of the oncoming generation. I had hotly defended it against the aspersions of an anti-semitic editor. *The Dark Mother* I reviewed appreciatively, and now in Brittany I meditated doing a brochure about Frank's work. Looking back, I perceive I had ambition without a clear goal and a vague sense of dissatisfaction with current American writing without a fixed viewpoint to give it meaning.

After a delightful summer at Plougasnou near St. Jean-du-Doight, a spot recommended by Van Wyck Brooks, I went back to Paris and before long encountered Man Ray whom I had known in New York. He introduced me to Tristan Tzara, and the founder of dada and I spent an evening of halting conversation in the simplest French; our pantomime said we were very well disposed toward each other. Tzara wanted to know if I would write something for him.

Nothing was easier. I had picked up dada literature in New York (I was nothing if not alert in those days), had enjoyed Man Ray's *New York Dada* magazine, had read that summer Picabia's *Pensées sans langage*—but Picabia had fallen into disfavor with the dadaists. In the hotel the next day I dashed off three dada "poems", making use of multiplication tables and the mention of forbidden things, and being properly idiotic. They were at once accepted by Tzara and despatched hither and yon over Europe for translation; the only translation I saw was in *Ma*, the Hun-

garian activist review. Of course, I attached no importance to this little stunt, but dadaism as a movement continued to interest and puzzle me.

Late this fall I received a note signed with a name I had heard of before, though it was completely unknown to the literary world. The note informed me that Matthew Josephson was in Paris and would like to make my acquaintance. I had heard of him now and then for two years through Hart Crane. Crane had come to me one day in 1919 when I was working for the very short-lived *Modernist* and said that he had met a real poet the other day, someone at Columbia, a deep student of modern French verse, a very strict judge, etc. Crane was excited. The world of artists for him then was wonderland, as it was for me. The unicorns we heard about! I formed the impression that the "real poet" Crane was advertising was of aristocratic bearing and most exacting taste. I looked forward to seeing this brilliant personage break into print, but it seemed from Crane's letters that Josephson—for this unicorn was he—was disdainful of public print. Now Crane had asked him to look me up on his arrival in Paris and very soon we did indeed meet. I was, thanks to Crane's opinion—since drastically revised—prepared to be bowled over.

I met a rather stiff young man, narrow in his interests, brittle in his thinking, and at moments charmingly pompous in speech. A certain pathos in his character was appealing. I looked at his verse. It impressed me without, I must say, taking my breath away. I talked with him. He seemed to have escaped the muddle and ferment of 1916-1921 by excluding the elements of the muddle. He had no interest in liberalism, no interest in Brooks and the social approach to literature, no interest in philosophy, no interest so far as I could see, in most of the topics of civilized conversation. Of certain poets, however, he condescended to speak: Eliot was one. And he knew personally two young writers whose work in the *Dial* I had followed with keen pleasure: Kenneth Burke and Malcolm Cowley. (It is amusing to remember that through my good gossip Crane I had also heard of Burke's "genius" before he had published, the herald being a Greenwich Village novelist who had praised Burke's manuscripts to the *Little Review* editors, who in turn passed the word to Crane; this is an amusing recollection

because of the subsequent feud between the novelist on one side and Burke-Cowley on the other.)

One afternoon Josephson and I were at the Rotonde when Tzara came in. I introduced Josephson, who had shrugged at dada heretofore, and a conversation ensued between them far more voluble than I could sustain in the French. When we left, Josephson informed me sagely that there was nothing to dada, it was humbug. I had my reserves about this as well as about any contrary statement, but within a few weeks Josephson had no reserves; he reversed his first stand and swallowed dada, calipash and calipee. I was working in a scholastic direction, trying to formulate more clearly a literary aesthetics. My preparation for it had been poor—Spingarn's essays, Clive Bell's *Art*, Willard Huntington Wright's *The Creative Will*, Waldo Frank's obiter dicta in his *Vieux-Colombier* monograph, an idea here and there in the magazines—but I set to work with a will to solidify my knowledge and to perfect an aesthetic approach to reading.

Josephson yearned to edit a magazine. I confessed to a similar yearning, apparently fixed in my nature and thus far fated to receive scanty gratification. At the time I was playing around on the board of editors of *Gargoyle*, which Arthur Moss was running in Montparnasse, and through me Josephson sought *entrée* to its pages. Moss balked a little at his stuff but my recommendations carried the day, and Josephson at last was a published author! We continued to discuss literature. I enjoyed his lofty judgments pompously delivered. "Waldo Frank, Paul Rosenfeld, Louis Untermeyer and James Oppenheim," he would say, "have done the most harm to American literature." I would agree that three of his four selections were poor writers, making exception for Frank—though I wish now at this late date to say that I have come to regard Louis Untermeyer as a remarkable agent for the good of American letters and I feel like doing public penance for my cracks at him in *Secession*.

Periodicals from the States were regularly sent me. One week the *Literary Review of the N. Y. Evening Post*, then edited by Dr. Canby, carried an article by Malcolm Cowley which was to bring to a sharp focus my idea of a new magazine. The article was called *This Youngest Generation*; it discussed certain writers

under twenty-five,—Kenneth Burke, E. E. Cummings, Dos Passos, Foster Damon, and Slater Brown,—and remarked their divergence in aim and temper from their elders. I knew and admired the work of all these except Slater Brown, whose brief contributions to the *Dial* had made no impression; I agreed with Cowley's contention that they were working at a tangent from the Mencken-Anderson-Cabell-Brooks-Dreiser literary swirl. The point was that the force and quality of the youngsters were diffused into the corners of various magazines and it seemed to me that it would be a good thing to concentrate the new impulses in a single review—a *tendenz* review, in short. If printing costs were low in Vienna, my next place for an extended stay, why not start a small magazine for writers like Cowley, Burke, Cummings, Damon, Brown, Josephson, Crane, Frank, W. C. Williams, Wallace Stevens, Mark Turbyfill, Yvor Winters, Marianne Moore, Donald B. Clark, and give some showing besides to dada writers like Aragon and Tzara? The idea was thrilling.

I showed Cowley's article to Josephson. He was interested, but remarked lugubriously: "I'm the only one of the crowd he didn't name." I told him I thought of launching a magazine in Vienna. He was very much interested, even helpful. He would contribute, he would translate for me, etc. I sent out a letter of invitation to prospective contributors, dropped down to Rome and saw the gentleman who was editing *Broom*, sold him an article, praised Josephson to him, picked up a translating job from his magazine, and went on to Venice and Vienna. At Vienna manuscripts awaited me, and on investigation I found that the printing could be done for one hundred and forty thousand kronen or twenty dollars. The dream was within reach.

But what to name the thing that was coming to life? One day I visited the Secession Art Gallery in Vienna. Why not call the magazine *Secession*? There had been no use of the name in home literary circles for some time: it was fresh and expressive. So I sent out a circular-announcement reading in part:—"*Secession* is an organ for the youngest generation of American writers who are moving away from the main body of intelligent writing in the United States since 1910. They are defining a new position from which to assault the last decade and to launch the next. 'Form,

simplification, strangeness, respect for literature as an art with traditions, abstractness . . . these are the catchwords that are repeated most often among the younger writers.'—Malcolm Cowley. *Secession* aims to be the first gun for this youngest generation. It will publish stories, poems, criticism, insults and vituperations by Slater Brown, Kenneth Burke, Donald B. Clark, Malcolm Cowley, Hart Crane, E. E. Cummings, Matthew Josephson, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, and by certain allied Frenchmen, Guillaume Apollinaire, Louis Aragon, André Breton, Paul Eluard, Philippe Soupault and Tristan Tzara. It will, in its early numbers, expose the private correspondence, hidden sins and secret history of its American contemporaries, the *Dial*, *Little Review*, *Broom*, *Poetry*, et cetera. It already notes in current literature very much that demands hilarious comment."

* * *

Mars was certainly present at the birth of *Secession*. In fact, he was invoked. The review was to be intransigent, aggressive, unmuzzled. The contributors were to handle everybody, including each other, without kid gloves. But I did not see Momus, "holding both his sides", shaking behind Mars.

I walked hours along the muddy pavements of war-desolated Vienna, framing my policy. I was resolved that the magazine should strike a definite editorial note and that there should be no hasty improvisation of policy from issue to issue. I was very serious. I felt that the review would make a little history, and in fact it did. Soon the first number was going through the press; it contained a poem Cowley had sent me—*Day Coach*, the best thing in the issue, and one of Cowley's finest efforts; he is at his best when handling themes rooted in the soil of Western Pennsylvania—translations from Aragon and Tzara, some verse and an erratic but interesting article on Apollinaire by Josephson (he used sometimes the pen name of Will Bray), an "exposé" of the *Dial* by myself and an editorial article, *Bow to the Adventurous*, which I wrote. The "exposé" of the *Dial* centered on its aimless catholicity, its ludicrous choice of Sherwood Anderson for its annual Award, and its vulgarization. "The existence of this *Yale-Review-in-a-Harvard-blazer* is one of the bitter necessities calling for *Secession*." *Bow to the Adventurous* was a discussion of sub-

ject matter and form; it concluded by saying, "*Secession* exists for those writers who are preoccupied with researches for new forms." *Secession* pledged itself to continue for two years. "Beyond a two year span, observation shows, the vitality of most reviews is lowered and their contribution, accomplished, becomes repetitious and unnecessary. *Secession* will take care to avoid moribundity."

I had a little clash with Josephson, through the mail, after the first issue appeared. His dada friends and he did not like the slant of my editorializing. And he was irritated by the return of his story, *Peep-Peep-Parrish*; he had written several stories that winter which I liked but *Peep-Peep-Parrish* I regarded as tripe.

The material for the second number shaped up better. It was a thrilling morning when *The Book of Yul* arrived from Kenneth Burke and I immersed myself in the coolness and distances of its design (Burke afterwards told me how he had come to play "long shots" consistently throughout this extraordinary tale.) Four poems came from Cummings:-

make me a child, stout hurdystrurdygurdyman
waiter, make me a child. So this is Paris.
i will sit in the corner and drink thinks and think drinks,
in memory of the Grand and Old days:
of Amy Sandburg
of Algernon Carl Swinburned.

Cowley sent in the poems entitled (in *Blue Juniata*) *A Solemn Music* and *Two Swans*—astonishingly perfected. From Josephson came a translation of Tzara and a short story, *The Oblate*, and for a filler there was a bit of humor by Slater Brown. In this number I analysed the policies of the *Little Review* and *Broom*.

Literary reviews in America classify into two types, personal and anthological. The *Little Review* belongs to the first, the *Broom* to the second . . . *Secession* aims to be neither a personal nor an anthological magazine, but to be a group organ. It will make group-exclusions, found itself on a group-basis, point itself in a group-direction, and derive its stability and correctives from a group. True, it has as yet no detailed manifesto and no organized group behind it. Its writers are scattered all over the world and have no common headquarters or generally sanctioned plans. Yet if one ex-

amines the writings of Kenneth Burke, Malcolm Cowley, E. E. Cummings, Foster Damon, Mark Turbyfill, the first two numbers of *Secession*, it is clear, I think, that there is a sizable corps of young American writers working substantially in the same direction, battling with similar problems, and achieving results which can be assembled in a fairly homogeneous review. *Secession* exists unreservedly for those and their kin. It does not consider as the *Dial* does that it is only half its work to give them a corner. Nor does it say with *Broom*: 'Throughout the unknown, pathbreaking artist will have when his material merits it, at least an equal chance with the artist of acknowledged reputation.' It says rather: an artist of acknowledged reputation has generally made his contribution. He will have far less chance with *Secession* than the unknown path-breaking artist.

In order to represent more fully this group of writers, the Directorate of *Secession* will be reorganized for the next issue.

This announcement requires a little explanation. The response to my invitation had proved that there were seven or eight writers of the type I desired who would support *Secession* with their manuscripts, and that is all the literary support a little magazine editor needs. But I was faced with a practical problem. I could not pay more than twenty-five dollars for printing an issue; therefore I could not afford to print in America. I was, however, leaving Europe for home and needed a friend in Europe to look after the printing. Why not Josephson? I had reservations about his work, but on the whole approved of it within its narrow scope. He was eager, he had no other outlet for what he wrote, he had put in a good deal of energy at helping the enterprise get launched. Why not take him on as co-editor? This would solve the practical problem for the year or so he expected to remain in Europe. But I wondered how we would get along on policy. If I ran *Secession* alone, it would inevitably conform to the limitations of my personality. With Josephson as co-editor, a deadlock was possible. But with a third editor . . . there would then be possible a majority decision on points of policy, and three editors could fairly claim to be representative of the small group of the "youngest generation". I determined to ask Kenneth Burke to join the board.

Josephson was of course delighted to become an editor and

moved to the Tyrol for the summer and his labors in producing number three. I told him to take sole editorial responsibility for this number and to run a note saying so. Meanwhile I sailed for America and went almost directly from the pier to Burke's farm at Andover, New Jersey.

Our greetings as I descended from the train were awkward. A little man in a flannel shirt shook hands with me. I peered intently at a freight car on the siding and said, "Not much like Paris". Burke agreed glumly that it wasn't. We walked three miles to his house and I knew by then that I had met one of the best talkers in America on the art of letters, a man to whom writing was a passion, if not an obsession. My debt to him for extraordinarily sharp perceptions of the formal and stylistic aspects of literature had begun. We talked until a quarter of two in the morning. I had sized Burke up as a night-hawk. This man, I thought, stays up most of the night and sleeps in the quiet country until eleven. He was thinking: my guest is a city night-hawk and not adjusted to the rural habit of early sleeping and early rising. Then we discovered that we had each been keeping the other up for hours. About six the next morning Burke's delightful small daughter woke us up. We talked all day, and when I left, Burke agreed to come on *Secession's* board, beginning with the fourth number.

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The third number of *Secession* (August, 1922) came over, flying the names of Munson and Josephson as editors. There was no announcement of the fact that Josephson was solely responsible for it. On the whole, it was a lively issue. The dada representation was a little heavier—Soupault and Arp; there were a slight uncollected poem by Cowley, Kenneth Burke's *First Pastoral*, a poem by W. C. Williams, and, to lead the issue, a story by Waldo Frank—these maintained the pace the first two issues had set. In the back Josephson had made passes with a knife at Mr. Blunderbuss (Paul Rosenfeld) and at *Vanity Fair*. There was, however, one big mistake in the issue, I felt, and that was Josephson's inclusion of his rejected story, *Peep-Peep-Parrish*, an adaptation, already done a score of times, of the "movie-chase" to the short story. It didn't seem sporting to slip it in, but I set down its inclusion not to malice but to over-zealousness for getting into print. Anyway, from now on such things would not happen.

With Burke on the board, manuscripts were to be voted on by the three editors, and two votes were required for acceptance. This applied to the editors' own offerings. The editor offering the piece naturally voted for it by that action; he needed only the vote of one other editor to insure its acceptance. I believe, on ground given in the sequel, that this arrangement irked Josephson. Burke and I, consulting together in America, held the balance of editorial power. He, in Berlin, was supposed only to receive manuscripts from European contributors and to send them, together with his own writings, to us for decision—indicating of course his approval or disapproval of what he sent over. We shall shortly note how he honored this arrangement with his colleagues.

The stir that *Secession* made was surprising. I do not mean that literary America became intensely conscious of the little venture, but the effect was out of proportion to its size and circulation. Articles about *Secession* were written by Edith Sitwell, Louis Untermeyer, and Van Wyck Brooks. Editorial comment—sometimes twice or thrice repeated—poured on us from the *Little Review*, *Dial*, *Criterion*, *Nation*, *Double-Dealer*, *N. Y. Times*, etc. Our subscription list numbered exactly fifty and contained some distinguished names: Alfred Steiglitz, Ezra Pound (his letter was signed, "Your Affectionate Grandfather"), Amy Lowell, Alice Corbin, Alyse Gregory, Mitchell Kennerley, Melville Cane, Kenneth Macgowan, Hansell Baugh. I made out an exchange list of about fifty periodicals, home and foreign, and a "free list" of about one hundred well known literary people. It was for the "free list" that *Secession* was edited. We wanted to have some audience in view, and so we picked our audience instead of waiting for it to find us. The shops took about one hundred and fifty copies for sale. Somehow each edition of five hundred was exhausted, and today I have only one complete set. Collectors now pay fifty cents on Fourth Avenue for stray copies.

The reputation of *Secession* was founded on the first four numbers. The fifth and sixth issues were fiascoes and almost sank our barque. I attempted to stage a "comeback" of *Secession* in the seventh number, but the time was too short. Our limit of two years expired with the appearance of the eighth number consisting of Yvor Winters' poetic treatise, *The Testament of a Stone*.

In the heyday of *Secession* Amy Lowell came to the Hotel Belmont in New York and summoned Burke and me for an audience at five in the afternoon. We waited in the sitting room of her suite, at first standing at the windows and discussing architecture. After half an hour we sat down. A quarter of an hour later Miss Lowell's companion swept in and offered us Amy's cigars. We understood Miss Lowell was getting up for her day (which was night) in the next room. We finished the first cigars, waited some more, and then started second cigars. At half past six Miss Lowell majestically entered and sat in a high capacious chair, her delicately modelled hand holding one of the famous cigars. She ordered Burke, a short man, to sit at her feet on a tiny stool. I was at her feet too in a slightly higher chair. She began impetuously. "The trouble with you young men," she said, "is that you are too critical. You can't decide whether to be poets or critics. Look at Malcolm Cowley . . ." the torrent of hearty defence opened out, for it was defence under the guise of dogmatic attack, as Miss Lowell's printed remarks on *Secession* later revealed. I watched Burke squirm on his footstool. His eyes blaze in an argument, his words come fast. But Amy would not let him cut in. She was reducing us to schoolboys, not arguing. Abruptly she closed the audience. Her breakfast was arriving. Burke and I walked over in the dusk to the West Forty-second Street Ferry, and I heard another torrential lecture. Vehemently Burke poured out all the things Miss Lowell had choked in his vocal chords.

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One Friday afternoon, the day that William Carlos Williams takes off from his busy medical practice, Burke arranged for a meeting, and the three of us rode about in Dr. Williams' car, and finally stopped at the Fountain Room of the Hotel Pennsylvania for further talk. Williams, whose head is a dice-box rattling with ideas and whose manner is far more genial than his intransigent prose, was curious about the personalities of *Secession's* contributors. The majority of them had married young, and Burke was already a land-owner and twice a father. Kenneth expressed the belief that a man ought to settle down at twenty-five and cut loose at forty. (Let us watch, then, for Burke to throw overboard his

cult of tentativeness, recently expounded in *Counter-Statement*.) Williams commented on this tendency to early marriage, and Burke produced a sudden generalization. "The young writers of the 'nineties'," he said, "were bachelors and went in for intoxication in their works. Young writers of today are married and strive for solidity in their writings."

But taking a retrospective view of those days and using *Secession's* history as a microtome for determining their quality, is that quite the way to sum them up?, Burke and I, it is true, occasionally adopted the pose of early maturity, but the recital of events which is to follow is fatal to the pose. I will venture here the statement that if the word for the Yellow 'Nineties is pretty infantilism, the word for the early 'twenties is arrogant juvenility. At least that part of the early 'twenties which was represented in *Secession* was marked by a kind of bumptious juvenility. Perhaps that is why I cannot, in the manner of several chroniclers of the early Jazz Age, review my immersion in it with romantic regret over the passage of time. The period was something to be outgrown.

It is a great pleasure, however, to recall the Thursday afternoon teas Lola Ridge gave in the basement of 3 East Ninth Street, the American office of *Broom*. We sat around a huge table, so irregular in shape that no geometrical figure can describe it, and the conversation was very good. Burke and I went often to fraternize with *Broom's* New York staff—Lola Ridge, heroic against poor health and gently discriminative in judgments, and Kay Boyle, her assistant, a tall stunning girl of nineteen, just on from Cincinnati. There was a shifting crowd at these teas—Konrad Bercovici, John Cournos on a trip from London, Glenway Wescott and Marianne Moore in sparkling dialogue with each other, Laura Benét, Elinor Wylie, Basil Thompson of the *Double-Dealer*, Horace Brodsky, Pierre Loving. Lola was not happy as *Broom's* American editor and eventually resigned when Harold Loeb and Matthew Josephson began to sail their craft toward the shoals of freakishness—but I anticipate my narrative.

One night Lola gave a big party for Edgar Lee Masters. I thought the room broke into two camps. The younger people were as usual discussing the eternal topic of form; the older

people aired their views on anti-religion. "I'll give Christianity just about a thousand years more," said Masters. Van Wyck Brooks sat between the two groups, noncommittal and, I suspect, unsympathetic to the major emphasis in either. Natalie Sedgwick Colby (Mrs. Bainbridge Colby) was there for an hour, her taxi throbbing outside. She dismissed the young writers as "elliptical" and scornfully pronounced their ellipses to be incomprehensible. She was heard to say to Masters that she would like to invite him to dinner at her house. Masters expressed his pleasure. Mrs. Colby cut back, "But I never invite celebrities."

Number four and number seven I regard as *Secession's* best issues. The contents table of number four listed: Cover Design by William Sommer, *Five Poems* by Richard Ashton, *In Quest of Olympus* (story) by Kenneth Burke, *Last Looks at the Lilacs* poem by Wallace Stevens, *Porter* (poem) by Hart Crane, *The Hothouse Plant* (poem) by William Carlos Williams, *A Garden Party* (story) by Slater Brown, *Correspondence*, *Note on "Der Sturm"*, and *Book Reviews*. In reply to a correspondent I had the chance in this issue to re-affirm our policy. "There is emphatically something from which to secede: the American literary milieu of the past decade . . . (*Secession*) is in essence, a prompt deviation into immediate aesthetic concerns."

There was one very disagreeable feature of number four and that was a mutilated poem. A contributor using the pseudonym of Richard Ashton had sent in six poems, some in "polyphonic prose". Burke and I had accepted them and they were duly mailed to Josephson in Berlin for inclusion in number four. A holler of dissent came back to us; but, outvoted, what could the dissenting editor do about it? We saw when copies arrived from Berlin—a pretty piece of sabotage at the expense of the helpless contributor. An operation, cutting away the main body of the sixth "Ashton" poem, had been performed, and the two lines printed were ineffably silly. It was necessary to black them out and my sense of humor left me. (I have been informed that it shouldn't have departed, but that is the bystander's viewpoint. The case from an editor's point of view is like this: suppose that Cowley putting the *New Republic* to bed one of these weeks should slice

up a poem he objected to—say a lyric by Genevieve Taggard—so as to make an amusing bit of nonsense. This no doubt would bring unwonted merriment into the lives of the sad perusers of the *New Republic*, but would Bruce Bliven, the editor-in-chief, and Genevieve Taggard, the offending contributor, laugh themselves into stitches at the puckish fellow's editing?)

No wonder that Josephson's brief editorial connection with *Secession* ended after his prank. It was not, I believe, a blow to him; in the meantime he had joined the staff of *Broom* and *Broom* was out to steal *Secession's* thunder. (In turning over faded letters the other day, I came across a note from Josephson, sounding me out for the American editorship of *Broom* to replace Lola Ridge. This letter must have been mailed before my "reaction" to the mutilation of "Ashton's" poem was transmitted. My answer consisted of three stipulations, including the stipulation of six months' salary in advance deposited in the bank. I received no more overtures, not even an acknowledgment.) Josephson's resignation from *Secession* marked the inception of our quarrel, and my rather haughty conditions for working with *Broom* aggravated it.

* * *

"There is no use," says Malcolm Cowley in an unusual moment of reticence, "in describing the inception of this quarrel", for our quarrel which, so far as I was concerned, could have been buried forever, has lately been chronicled in an essay by Cowley in the *New Republic*. I think myself that our quarrel was none of Cowley's business, but he has disturbed the mould over long-interred petty incidents and they cry out for an airing. Cowley does assign a cause for the quarrel, and believe him who can, he asserts: "The real cause of it was simple: Munson had ceased to be Josephson's disciple." Knock me down with a three man beetle if he doesn't say so. Of an early debt to Crane in the nature of general stimulation, of a debt to Burke in aesthetics, of a debt to Waldo Frank in finding a direction, I am conscious; but what in the name of Momus does Cowley think I owe the young coxcomb I met in Paris and with whom I exchanged views on a new magazine? Equally absurd, as the foregoing chronicle shows, is Cowley's contention that he and Josephson managed *Secession* behind the scenes in the first four numbers. We shall have to take his word

for it that from the start he and Josephson (he says Burke too, but that gentleman will deny it) held an unscrupulous attitude toward *Secession*. According to Cowley, the idea was that I should be the tool of two machiavellian powers behind the throne, himself and Josephson. I was to be stuck out in front to do the dirty work, and take the blows, while these two lads who thought no small beer of themselves worked the strings. Since it is self-confessed, I must grant the unscrupulous attitude, but let the reader judge if they had a pliant editor to manipulate!

(I digress for a moment from my tale. I wonder what thoughts crossed Bruce Bliven's mind when he read in the *New Republic* Cowley's confession of duplicity. Did Bliven for a moment catch his breath at the thought that perhaps Cowley's "loyalty" to the magazine he now works for was of the same brand as his attitude toward *Secession*? Did he catch a glimpse of himself as a "sort of white shirt-front" with "people of surer literary judgment" guiding him behind the scenes? I merely speculate.)

To return to the story of *Secession*, Burke and I as editors carried on against difficulties. We often lunched in an up-stairs cheap Italian restaurant on lower Sixth Avenue, sometimes with Slater Brown, the "B." of Cummings' *Enormous Room*, sometimes with Glenway Wescott, effervescing with witty anecdotes, with ideas and opinions, with brilliant descriptions of people and scenes. At one of these luncheons Burke urged on us the criticism of Paul Elmer More, whose most recent book he had just reviewed. More had not worked out his aesthetic, according to Burke, but he had praise for More's dualism, which he defined as "unity through a balance of conflicting parts", an idea later imbedded in the story, *Prince Llan*. Sometimes we lunched with a very Bostonian chap, John Brooks Wheelwright.

Wheelwright, I believe, had set out to be a divinity student, had switched and left Harvard, and was now leading a dilettante's life. He was a friend of Damon, Hillyer, and Cowley. Subsequently he became a student of architecture, but at this period he wrote some verse and prose (neither very well, I thought) and was editing *Eight More Harvard Poets*. He liked Burke but our relations were not marked by a lively interest in each other. For some reason, however, Wheelwright was very much interested in

Secession: he had even defended the magazine against Brooks in a letter to the *Freeman*.

Wheelwright was going to Italy and offered to supervise the printing of the future numbers in that country. This offer was promptly accepted. Indeed, it seemed a godsend, for the resignation of Josephson had left us with no agent in Europe. So Burke and I made up a packet of manuscripts for the fifth number; it included the first essay on Cummings to be written, a job of mine; and off went Wheelwright in the spring of 1923.

Cowley claims that I made some howling blunders in the conduct of *Secession* and he is right, though not in the instance he cites. Rummaging through such of my private correspondence as he could put his hands on, he has lifted a reference to Wheelwright and Wescott, a rather poor pun in an intentionally extravagant passage, and presented it as though it were a serious and public statement—and this he calls a howling blunder! His diligence in tracking down this blunder (?), this private facetiousness, was worthy of those Shakespearean scholars who study Elizabethan bill-ledgers, but meanwhile, as we shall see before this tale is over, Cowley was ignoring facts that stare at the chronicler.

One of my howling blunders was the selection of Josephson as a co-editor, another was the idea that Wheelwright would make a good sub-editor. Ah, yewth, yewth again! We youngsters were far more adept in sizing up books than in sizing up people. If we liked a man in his literary capacity, we didn't inquire too particularly into his other capacities—or incapacities.

God never made Wheelwright to be a proofreader or to do the grubby work of magazine-production. I am sure he did his best; he put his money into the next issues; I am not unappreciative of the time and trouble he spent. But, inexplicably, he seems to have had vague ideas as to who was running *Secession*. He stopped off at Giverny outside Paris where Josephson, sore at *Secession*, and Cowley, who took his part without hearing the other side, were staying, along with some of the dadaists. Unable to manage me, apparently the two "machiavellians" were able to manage Wheelwright. Referring to Cowley's confession of unscrupulousness in the *New Republic*, I construct their reasoning as follows, and maybe I am correct: why bother about the kind of

issue Burke and Munson had made up in New York, we and the printers are in Europe, why have any scruples about putting in whatever we choose? Be it noted that neither Josephson nor Cowley at this time had any other than a contributor's status, and Wheelwright was a helper, not an editor. What happened from my point of view was simply sabotage. The printing was abominably looked after, stories and articles were slipped in which Burke and I never saw until printed copies arrived, everything was topsy-turvy—and all the time in numbers five and six our names were carried on the masthead as sponsors of the bedlam. Typographical errors were so frequent that I had to correct them by pen, some things had to be smudged over, Crane's *Faustus and Helen* was so mangled that in fairness to him the pages were excised. The fiasco, produced by carelessness, tampering and whatnot, was complete—and heartbreaking.

* * *

By the summer of 1923 Josephson was in New York. *Broom* was moving to America, and he, Cowley and Brown were plotting to throw a continent into convulsions. Our relations were cold but polite enough when one or two little things stirred up bad feeling once more. A plaintive letter came to me from our former printer in Vienna and I learned that an early number of *Secession* (number three) had not been paid for, although funds for that purpose had been remitted to Josephson. This was odd, for Josephson had been writing me with gestures of generosity that he personally was paying for number four (the Berlin number). How then was it that the Vienna bill for number three had not been settled? I wrote Josephson to ask for a statement in order to solve the puzzle. In the same letter I requested once again the long overdue payment for a translation of a monograph by Jean Epstein I had made for *Broom*. The translation had been assigned and accepted; the first part had been printed and the continuation announced when Harold Loeb, apparently on caprice, decided not to run the rest. He paid for only part of the job.

Josephson obliged me with a statement. It turned out that so far from financing the fourth issue, he had donated only two and a quarter dollars to make up the deficit, which sum he said he deeply regretted. The rest of the bill for number four, printed in

Berlin, had been paid for by the funds sent to pay Herr Julius Lichtner of Vienna for the third issue, and that was why Herr Lichtner had written me that he was sitting out in the cold. As to my request for payment for the translation, Josephson flatly repudiated any previous debt to me contracted by *Broom*. His letter closed with a remarkable statement to make to a creditor: if I said any more about these matters, he assured me he would come down and punch my nose.

I sat down at once and composed the following reply, which I introduce as a kind of rhetorical signal that a battle-scene is to follow.

4 Grove St., N. Y. C.

September 14, 1923.

Dear Matteo José Firpo:-

Much obliged for your statement. I have told many people that you generously paid for No. 4. Misstatements are regrettable and therefore I shall hasten to correct the above. The task is not unpleasant since the offset between the fact of your sorry little donation of \$2.25 and your magnificent gestures as donor of the whole issue makes it a humorous tale.

I am not surprized (sic) that the present mismanagement of *Broom* should repudiate the debts incurred by the previous mismanagement. It is quite in line with all the rest of your doings and is the sort of policy that makes people regard *Broom* as an unstable proposition, something like *Pearson's* rather than like the *Dial* from the business point of view. If you object violently to such statements, why then I suppose I must witness an *attempt* to punch my nose. But if you are really eager to make this silly trial right away, I am afraid that you will have to make a trip to Ellenville (West Shore R. R.), for I go there tomorrow morning for several weeks. If you can control your snorting rage until I come back, it ought not to be difficult to find me. May I add the not irrelevant remark that your nose has a very tempting fragility and the path to it appears quite unobstructed?

More seriously, why don't you search your personality for the seeds of manhood and put aside childish threats?

Somewhat disrespectfully yours,

G. B. M.

• • •

I felt I was now clear of the peanut policies in which Cowley and some of his friends were trying to embroil *Secession*, free of the bickering, the tale-bearing, the malignant gossip, the "kid stuff" that had sprung up on the return of Cowley and Josephson from Europe. I have not mentioned meeting Cowley for the first time this summer and must now indulge in a long parenthesis on this contributor to *Secession*. Cowley in his incidental portrait of me has strewn so many matters of fact that are both trivial and wrong that I can only suppose the intent was to make me correct with a serious face each trivial misstatement, and then triumphantly remark to the audience, "I told you he was a deadly serious fellow. He has proved it." So I will simply make one bundle of these misstatements, italicizing a word here and there:-

Gorham B. Munson, who was recuperating at Woodstock from a *slight* illness . . . he came to Paris with a *waning interest in socialism* and a *portfolio of poems* written, I believe, in the manner of Walt Whitman's imitators. There he met Josephson, whose literary enthusiasms *opened new worlds* before him. He determined to *abandon verse* for criticism . . . Munson and Josephson *together founded Secession*. . . (Frank) was *extravagantly praised* in *Secession*," but why go on listing these slips? To the author of the above, I say:

You lie—under a mistake,
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's face. I now
Say what I think.

Note first that Cowley was not then a "liberal". His "liberalism" is a late bloom, antedating, if I am not mistaken, his job on the *New Republic* by a few months; only recently has the public learned that Cowley's sleep is troubled by the stirrings of a "social conscience" and that his heart bleeds when he thinks of unemployed millhands. In 1923 he was a dadaist, before that he had written his best verse, as a chronological analysis of *Blue Juniata* will show, some of it as early as 1918 in *Youth: Poetry of Today*, edited by my friend, Donald B. Clark, and in the *Pagan*, edited by Joseph Kling, and he had been writing reviews for the *Dial* showing the makings in him of an able neo-classicist, and he was preparing a study of Racine. Up to 1923, critically and poetically,

has been his most fertile period. After that the journalist has flourished.

In 1923 he went up to Paris from Montpellier, met the dadaists, and was dazzled to the point of gaping a good Western Pennsylvanian gape. Such insouciance, such dash, such engaging absurdity these Frenchmen had, and they were perfectly ready to take up with any young American, as I knew from my stay in Paris. Cowley was swept away. He too would revolt against literature, and the mirthless anecdote is still going around—it was well advertised at the time—of how he burned up his set of Corneille—or was it Racine?—at a party, and, putting it euphemistically, “expectorated” on the flames. He came back, this confessed disciple of Louis Aragon, to set America on fire with dadaism, and the results were something for his well-wishers to groan at. Burke’s discomfort was visible, as though he were watching a literary suicide; he was searching for a principle of permanence in letters and Cowley had told him there was only change—the dictum of a twenty-five year old. As for Josephson, Burke dubbed him a “dada Austin Dobson”.

Cowley could write dada, but never, I venture to say, was there a temperament less suited to act dada. He was pen-clever but not speech-clever. When I met him, I saw a medium-sized man with a heavy countenance, “the brow of Moby Dick beating through a smoke-fog,” as one wit put it. He was slow in speech, a little countrified, apparently phlegmatic; one would have set him down as a plodder, and at that time he was certainly a dead weight to lift in a conversation. And with this slow temperament he yearned to cut a dash as a dadaist, to be brilliantly unexpected like Apollinaire, to be gloriously droll like Tzara. A certain dapperness was needed to bring off the absurdities he labored to hatch, otherwise they were doomed to seem painfully stupid—which in fact they did. It’s only a step from the dada to the pediculous. By all-odds, Cowley was the oddest of odd fish in the literary bowl of that year. If the reader has ever had the endurance to get all the way through the laboriously funny dada novel Robert M. Coates finally finished some years ago, he can frame a conception of how laboriously absurd Cowley was in action—he exhibited the same elaborate straining for spontaneous foolery.

Observing him that summer and hearing about this seemingly unimpassioned young man trying to raise hell, I felt he should wear a placard on his back, reading: "Kick Me. I Want to Feel Alive." Some months later Ernest Boyd did the very thing to bring him to life. He wrote a satirical composite portrait, *Aesthete: Model 1924*, for the first number of the *American Mercury* which made Cowley feel very much alive. He "demonstrated" foolishly against what he thought were the veiled references to himself of Boyd's piece and by so doing conferred notoriety and a good market upon Boyd. That writer flourished for several years as the reputed goat-getter of the young generation,

Dadaism with such a sponsor fell flat in America, and Cowley went on Grub Street with the rest of us, writing articles for *Charm*, doing translations and hack editing, reviewing books, etc. Fortunately for him his "savageness" against American writers had not been very specific; aside from a belated attack on the *Dial* he had not roasted the powerful place-holders in our literary world, the men with jobs to offer and patronage to hand out. (Exception to this statement might be his remark in *transition* about Harry Hansen, "whose critical morals exist no more than do sexual morals among the Papuan aborigines"—to which it may be rejoined that whatever Harry Hansen's limitations are, they do not include lack of honesty.) No, it is chiefly against men not in powerful posts—men like Bodenheim, Dell, Calverton, Schmalhausen and your humble servant—that Cowley has let himself off the leash. He was a good Grub Street opportunist when the *New Republic* picked him up a couple of years ago and "liberalism" succeeded neo-classicism, dadaism, opportunism in the place where his convictions should be. In time he may show that this succession has been a development; it may be that he will come to identify himself with the spirit of liberalism, as defined by Herbert Croly, but at the moment of writing he seems to have a long course of personal discipline to undergo before the old spirit of personal attack yields to the new spirit of disinterested inquiry which Croly called "socratic liberalism". When I think of what has happened to the *New Republic* since Croly's death! Closing our parenthesis, we return to 1923.

Kenneth Burke had amicably resigned from *Secession's* editorial

board, thus giving me a free hand for going ahead, and I had definite ideas about its future policy. Up to then, the most pronounced interest of *Secession* was in literary skill. Burke and I felt that the state of the writing craft in America was deplorable, and *Secession* put craftsmanship above everything else. But this position was never entirely satisfactory to me. I turn over the pages of my monograph on Waldo Frank, written in the summer of 1922 and published the following spring, to recapture the sense of where I was at in 1923. I chuckle at some of the statements I see, e.g., "Its [*Our America's*] strength is the strength of a brilliant new science. To undermine *Our America* it is necessary to undermine Freudian psychology." The immaturity of the style makes me wince here and there. There are half-baked notions about the Machine and Modern Civilization. I notice that the book paid much attention to problems of form and organization (secessionism, in other words), but I also notice that I was interested vitally in the question of literary significance, assuming skill in the first place. "All deep art," I observed, "spreads beyond precision into mystery." Such questions as the following grew more and more acute for me: since skill in writing produces calculated effects upon the reader, by what criterion shall these effects be judged? What really is the aim of literary skill? What mark should literature desire to make on life? That fall I was groping my way from aestheticism to a philosophy of letters, from the workshop to the world, and I was beginning to see stronger light.

I visited my friend, Jean Toomer, at Ellenville, came back to town to move to a new apartment, and went to Woodstock for the fall to recover my health. Several weeks later, I received to my astonishment an urgent letter from Cowley, inviting me to a rally of young writers. No principle, no idea, no attitude was even remotely suggested as ground for getting the crew together. Allen Tate has written that Cowley's "mind is basically concrete and unspeculative." This letter was not very concrete, but it certainly was unspeculative in the way of proposing good reasons for common action. What then. Were we youngsters, I wondered, expected to form a clique to advance ourselves? I replied that it was not practicable for me to interrupt my strict regimen by a New York trip. Cowley thereupon solicited a statement to read at the meeting, one of several important

little facts he fails to record in his essay. A certain amount of unpleasantness would have been avoided if I had refused his solicitation. In some ways it was naïve to grant his wish. And yet on the whole I do not regret sending in a statement, as he asked for. (I wonder what Cowley expected, something in his own style perhaps, like this: "Gentlemen—and Others: Eternal Moses! The people who can be happy with 'significant form', the weekly installments of *A Bookman's Daybook*, and a glass of homemade red ink will continue to be happy. Me, I prefer liquor with donkey hoofs in it. Let us put on dunce caps, march on the Algonquin, and tip over Hergesheimer's table. Nobody retains any longer the capacity for passion. It is time to act. (Signed) The Religious Gunman." The statement I sent was not, however, a parody of his letters.) According to Cowley's own narrative, my communication disintegrated the *Broom* rah-rah, get-together party. It sent Josephson into a rage for several weeks, culminating in a special trip to Woodstock only to get poked in the eye and rolled on the ground for his pains. It put, I have been told, such a crimp in *Broom* that the magazine expired a few months later. And it has rankled in Cowley's breast, lo, these eight years. But those were undesigned effects.

What it was aimed to do was another thing. It was aimed to produce a showdown, first, on the fit personnel of an attacking party in American letters, and second, on an issue for fighting the existent order. As to the first, I could not very well see how a group could effectively attack others so long as it tolerated within its ranks the very sort of weakness it proposed to assault. I had come to regard Josephson as a literary opportunist, an example of last minutism, a kind of stage player in the arts, to adapt a phrase of Nietzsche. (For a detailed literary judgment of him, see *Tinkering with Words* in *Secession* number seven.) I said these things with emphasis and called him an intellectual faker (this was the "fighting word", I later learned, that brought him boiling to Woodstock). I therefore declined to participate in any group which contained so vulnerable a member. In the second place, and Cowley omits all reference to this, I declared that some conscious life-attitude was necessary. I borrowed a phrase from Middleton Murry which Cowley ought to remember, for he wrote

a poem about it: "the passionate apprehension of life." By the way, reader, he has written no less than three poems against me: I rest easy; he is no Pope. In brief, the position taken was, life can once more become highly significant, and contemporary literature has a rôle to fulfil in bringing back significance to life.

The statement, Cowley says, was written in a grotesquely bad style, and this caused him to give a burlesque reading of it. My copy is inaccessible as I write, and so cannot be reproduced to enable readers to check Cowley's assertion, but the reader can estimate correctly, I think, the likelihood of Cowley being an impartial critic of it. Its substance however has been fairly given above, and its aim stated. It failed completely of that aim. The dinner party he describes behaved more like an outraged clique than a group of young writers "come together for ten minutes in the cause of literature".

Why my independent position should have caused so much fury and disheartenment and been felt to ruin the prospects of the *Broom* clique confounds me. I was one writer, content perfectly to go my way. They were at least a dozen writers, talented and lively. What prevented them from proceeding on their way, ignoring me completely? Why should my firm stand have spoiled the party?

Perhaps it was because the statement struck on the very issue, then nebulous, that has since sharply divided my generation. This generation has had to make up its mind between an uneasy dilettantism lately doctored with a weak dose of "new republicanism" and a more serious view of literature as a guide to the possible meaning of life. Events on some scale in the last two or three years, events which feature the problem of a sound individualism as the product of literary culture, have very clearly revealed the cleavage along these lines in my generation.

* * *

Now, gentle reader, we come to a scene of violence. Several weeks after the dinner which my statement routed, Josephson appeared at the door of my host's house at Woodstock. I had heard rumors of his coming; he had boasted in New York of the vengeance he was going to take. But I had dismissed the reports as signifying only bluster. Indeed, I looked on Josephson as a kind

of Captain Bobadil and did not think he would go beyond asserting, "but, I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, where-ever I meet him." I was mistaken. Here he was knocking at the door, after traveling one hundred miles to avenge himself.

Doubtless the reader will explain his exertions in seeking me by the thin skin that so many literary people possess. How disciplined to criticism political susceptibilities are as compared with literary susceptibilities! How many hands of my literary acquaintance I have held after the first harsh review has appeared, and thought, if this review is so wounding, then the far fiercer criticism men in public life swallow without batting an eyelid would kill these tender *littérateurs*. But there is a further explanation for Josephson's going to all this trouble, which the reader will not guess. One of the ingredients of dadaism was a cult of action. Not action in the world of affairs, such as Sidney, Raleigh, Swift, Burke, and many another writer has displayed, but petty action—direct insults, vaudeville behavior, fisticuffs, and the like—was extolled by the dadaist. In a single illustration, the idea of the cult was that if a man wrote a review of you which you resented, you didn't meet him with literary weapons but you went out and knocked him down. The physical retort to the intellectual rebuff—that was its essence: and it appeared to be an attractive cult to Cowley and Josephson. But at least one should be a herculean fellow to carry it out!

Well, on this November afternoon in 1923, I had just finished the after-luncheon nap prescribed by my physician and joined some guests at tea when Josephson burst in, shouting for battle. The guests dispersed hastily, leaving Josephson, me and my host, William Murrell Fisher, the art critic, to parley. But Josephson was in no mood for reason and would not see the silliness of his pugilistic ambition. As Fisher said afterwards, "When a guy's as mad as he was, there's nothing to do but fight."

Cowley has given a grotesque and fanciful version of the ensuing scuffle, but in this instance fact is funnier than fiction. Momus was on hand that day. How shall I describe this farcical incident? Not with the pen of Macaulay, to be sure. Shall I keep a straight face and write in the manner of a ring summary? Impossible. Perhaps the encounter is best left in the limbo of private anec-

dotes. Do I hear a sigh of relief from my opponent at this suggestion? Is the reader disappointed at this possible turn in the narrative? Nevertheless that is where I think it belongs. I sympathize with Dreiser's attitude voiced in the ponderous query credited to him after slapping Sinclair Lewis, "What is this country coming to when a national fuss is made over one man slapping another?" In limbo then along with the comical Edmund Wilson-Burton Rascoe set-to, let the actual details of this incident lie.

All that need be said in public print is that the scuffle was brief, not bloody, and at one moment exceedingly funny. It ended inconclusively, a kind of peace without breath. My chief thought during its duration was, what a stupid business. Afterwards I realized that it was the most dada event in *Broom's* history.

* * *

This *reductio ad absurdum* happened near the middle of November, 1923, and I will continue this narrative to the spring of 1924 when *Secession* expired. (*Broom*, by the way, passed out about Christmas time of '23.) *Secession* number seven contained two contributions which I am immensely proud to have first offered, though in a modest way, to the world. They were Hart Crane's *For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen* and Waldo Frank's *For a Declaration of War*, a statement of the principles underlying his mature work. In addition, there were three poems by Yvor Winters, a short story by Burke, an open letter on the literary policy of the *New Republic* by the editor, the review of Josephson (*Tinkering with Words*) specified before, and sarcastic greetings to the American "Murkury". In April of '24 came the final number of *Secession*, devoted to Yvor Winters' treatise on images and anti-images, the best theoretical defense of imagism I have seen.

When all was over, I mailed to the press, our subscribers and our free list a mimeographed statement called *Post Mortem*. Some parts are reproduced below.

Secession was . . . a trial balloon cut loose for a short voyage and manned by a green crew. That it turned out to be no ordinary experiment is attested by the observers who wrote about it . . . The stories of Kenneth Burke in which an important theory of fiction is worked to unprecedented

discoveries: several poems by Malcolm Cowley which are assured of preservation in anthologies: the fierce satiric poetry of Cummings: *Faustus and Helen* by Hart Crane: the verse doctrine of Yvor Winters: a manifesto by Waldo Frank . . . ; these are some of the claims of *Secession* to distinction . . . *Secession* perhaps will be known as the magazine that introduced the twenties.

* *

The last sentence was a wild one. *Secession* did not introduce the kind of 'twenties I hoped for. The 'twenties turned out to be a prolongation of impulses planted in the previous decade. The generation of Lewis, Dreiser, Mencken, Carl Van Doren, Sherwood Anderson—the middle or muddle generation, as I dubbed it in *Secession*—continued on top and not until 1929 did it experience even a slump in prestige. And the tendencies which for a short time had channelled themselves through *Secession* spread out in underground seepage. Edwin Seaver's 1924 and Harry Alan Potamkin's *Guardian* caught up some of them, and later on the romantic subjectivism of several of our contributors colored the pages of *transition*. The dadaists became *surréalistes*. Romantic subjectivism was one side of *Secession*, another side was technical analysis and this important branch of criticism has been practised considerably in America since the days I write about.

The younger generation has grown up. Some of its most salient figures—Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Faulkner and Wolfe—were completely outside of *Secession* and perhaps never even heard of the little sheet. Others—Jean Toomer, Glenway Wescott and Allen Tate—who established contact with *Secession* I wish I could claim the honor of having published. But after making all deductions for the restricted nature of *Secession*, it still seems typical of its period and its story throws light on the formative stage of my generation. Romantic offspring of a romantic generation we were, rebellious toward our elders but implicated more than we knew in the larger transoceanic movements which had formed them. Into what have we grown? Who would have guessed ten years ago that some of the seceders—Burke, Cowley, Josephson—would turn sociological, they who scorned sociology and upheld "pure literature"? The generation went on to face its surprises and crises, and today it is torn apart. Taken collectively, it adheres to

no attitude toward life that a Thoreau or a Coleridge or a Swift would give shucks for, and therefore its view of literature comes far down the scale. It has its individual brilliances, but as a force? As a force, my generation is dissipated into reversion to the sociological brands of 1920, or into a kind of "soldier's leave" cynicism, or into a refurbished dilettantism. At the moment the dream that it would become a new force sweeping the American scene with fresh creation and fresh ideas lies shattered. But the spirit of comedy bids us all to "still hope for good".

by Norman Macleod

COWLED WITH DARKNESS

Cowled with darkness the mountains ride
a long way in the foothills,
rasped by the winds
scraper of sound and dismal memories.
Firelight upon the lone horizon
or faint in the coulees
with the coyote cry of the cedars
staunch upon root and branch,
the blizzard hunts its cañon
where the dustcurls lie
to rise upon its provocation
wrapped in the silo of darkness
starved with moonlight.
Upon this farthest cry from cannons
pointed at the sky
erecting smoke into a barricade
the night shuts down the world
and only desert denies its hardihood
and makes of luminous smelters
its northern lights
in blue aurora borealis,
cowled and dry.

by Elizabeth D. Wheatley

NORMAN DOUGLAS

An excellent man of this sort gladdens our senses; he is carved from a single block which is hard, sweet and fragrant.

—NIETZSCHE

HERE in America and perhaps in general elsewhere, Norman Douglas has suffered from neglect.¹ Except for the attention paid to *South Wind* and the rather craven acceptance of *Goodbye to Western Culture*, he has not been properly introduced to a public who could reasonably enjoy him by taking pains to do so. There have been few articles in American magazines: the best of them was "The Early Work of Norman Douglas", by Edward D. McDonald, in *The Bookman* for September, 1927. There have been reviews of his books, ephemeral tributes. And there is always, for the Douglas lover and student, the *Centaur Bibliography of the Writings of Norman Douglas*, (Centaur Book Shop, Philadelphia, 1927), also by Edward D. McDonald. While this is now incomplete, since it ends, as to the books, with *Experiments* published in 1925, it is an enviably careful record of all printed matter up to 1927. Nevertheless, Mr. Douglas has not been adequately received here. The neglect may in part be attributed to the difficulty of reading him, and to the fact that he is totally unlike any other living writer. He has incalculable depths of culture and knowledge under his feet, and the magnetism of his work rests largely on that hard stratum.

One appears to find, on approaching Mr. Douglas, that a great deal of erudition is necessary to enjoy him. If one wishes to absorb him, one is led, like Mr. Eames, annotating the work of Monsignor Perrelli in *South Wind*, into a multitude of divergent roads of learning, into: "minerals, medicine, strategy, heraldry, navigation, palaeography, statistics, politics, botany", and into letters, philosophy, psychology, history, biology, bibliography, and all the arts. It seems too difficult to reach æsthetic relaxation by such a hard road. But that difficulty is Mr. Douglas' tonic quali-

¹H. M. Tomlinson's *Norman Douglas* has been published by Harper Brothers, 1931 (New York) after this essay was in type and paged. *Editor's Note.*

ty, the thing that makes him perennially interesting. One cannot wallow in him as in Cabell or Erskine, in Hemingway, or Faulkner. He requires to be met by the spirit alert, erect, and stubborn. He is the touch of earth that renews Antæus. His claim to immortality rests upon his difficulty as well as upon his crystalline hardness and fragrance. He who wishes to understand the firm splendor of the Douglas spirit can do so by a process of patient inoculation. He should begin with *Experiments*. He should read the first chapter on Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, the chapter on Isabelle Eberhart, the essay on Poe, and above all things, the pamphlet on Lawrence and Magnus, most fortunately included. He should leave the rest of *Experiments* and go on to *Alone*. And with convenient intervals of rest from so much vigor, he should read *Together*, *South Wind*, and *Old Calabria*. Now he is ready for anything. He has imbued himself with a master, and he will always be coming back for more.

And what will the reader of Douglas find? He will find that Norman Douglas stands out in the field of contemporary letters like an historic pine, divorced from its forest fellows, lofty and alone on a mountain slope; an erect, wind-warped figure from which emanates an aromatic spice. And yet, there is too much that is turbid, restless, homeless, and voracious, about Mr. Douglas to let such a static comparison remain unchallenged. He is more like a torrential, flood-swollen river, a stream that in its onward rush carries away hindering banks, devours fields, scours out caverns, and bears in its breast innumerable forms of strange life; a stream that splits the solid earth with its terrible silver beauty. But whether he be compared to a tree, or to living waters, the fact of his solitary uniqueness remains. In spite of his many and opposing phases of character, there is still a oneness, a "uniquity", a marked and over-powering personality which differentiates him from the diffused and nervous intellects of modern literature. It is said of him that he does not like analogies drawn between himself and other writers. And to compare him with the moderns is impossible. One must go back to the giants of other times; to Voltaire, Darwin, and Nietzsche. These men and their like, and Douglas are the center of a storm of which the moderns are the diminishing and weary waves. Norman Douglas himself has been, so it seems, a follower

in one case only. He has absorbed Nietzschean principles, perhaps unconsciously, and has made of himself a super-man. His last works indicate that he has reached that point of cold sanity which borders perilously on insanity. In fact, one might, not unreasonably, think on reading *In the Beginning*, that the leaf had fallen which turns the scale. In times past Douglas had a thousand Protean shapes both terrible and sweet. He has become by the strictures of time, and, one fears, of neglect, a stiffening figure, sometimes negatively and peevishly ferocious. He is hardening into a grinning garden god, a battered Priapus. And still he stands alone, superior in golden, Hellenic vitality. It is as if Priapus stood in a glade of eternal sunshine.

I

The work of Norman Douglas divides itself roughly into three classes; scientific, critical, and creative. It covers intermittently a period of over forty years. The first printed thing was a small contribution to *The Zoologist, a Monthly Journal of Natural Science*, in 1886. The last was *Goodbye to Western Culture*, in 1930. The early treatises on natural science, (1886-95), can have little interest for letters, except as an indication of their author's inexhaustible, insatiate zest for curious knowledge, and as a clue to his continuous preference for nature over man. The archaeological studies of Capri, (1904-15), may long continue to interest the leisured and scholarly traveler; but a great deal of the material from them has been incorporated in *Siren Land*, and *Old Calabria*. The *Centaur Bibliography* gives the information that hints from *The Forestal Conditions of Capri* found their way into the second chapter of *Siren Land*: and that the monograph on "Tiberius", and the *Life of the Venerable Suor Serafino Di Dio*, became respectively the fourth and ninth chapters of *Siren Land*: and that material on the "Saracens in Italy" became chapter eighteen of *Old Calabria*. Some of the Capri work was also rewritten for various magazines. This reworking of material is very characteristic of Mr. Douglas. He seems loath to part with anything which his brain has tested and moulded. He is constantly scrutinizing, perfecting, and giving new birth to those of his writings for which he has most respect. One might be tempted to deduce

from this that he exhibits a scientist's hunger for infallibility, rather than a creator's exuberance.

It would be an interesting and profitable labor to extract from all his critical writings that entity, Mr. Douglas the critic. One may venture the supposition from what little is known, that he could not be proven an originator or creator in the field of criticism. He would be a follower, but a follower of what has been most noble in the past. He would be found a commentator, rather than a critic; and his mind charged with Hellenism would be a touchstone to determine the intrinsically pure from the base. He would be discovered, perhaps, as the last exemplar of Renaissance Humanism, as it has been explained by Santayana in *The Genteel Tradition at Bay*.

Norman Douglas' critical work contributed chiefly to the *English Review* over a period of about four years, (1912-16), and to several other journals up until 1925, has been scantily collected. He seems to value it less than other kinds of his writing. When one reads the list of reviews tabulated by McDonald in the *Gentaur Bibliography* one wishes profoundly that more of them had been put into book form. What, for instance, has he said about Francis Brett Young's critical study of *Robert Bridges*; what about Irving Babbitt's *Masters of French Criticism*; or about Van Wyck Brooks' *John Addington Symonds*? It seems a shame that the activity of his mind on these subjects and others of equal importance should be contained only in the comparatively ephemeral records of a journal. A few samples of reviewing work are included in *Experiments*, which is entirely a collection of early writings. By comparison with the really critical essays in the same book, these reviews seem sketchy and impatient. That is no great wonder, however, when one observes the trivial subjects which he has, for the most part, dealt with. It is like seeing a giant play with a child's jack-straws. Why were these inept things saved at the expense of what must have been better? Why have they been allowed to encumber a book otherwise radiant with charm? That is one of the peculiar Douglas mysteries of which there are many. These reviews are fragile little hooks upon which to hang reflections and prejudices that are more firmly expressed elsewhere.

It is not wrenching the natural order of things to put *Experi-*

ments and *Goodbye to Western Culture* side by side. The ideas that are the backbone of *Experiments* have become lively with time, and have broken out in the later book into an angry flame that gives forth acrid and sulphurous odors; a flame in which prance ribald and ridiculous devils. Mr. Douglas reminds us here of another uneasy, sulphurous, and revolting soul of an earlier generation, Mark Twain. Both of these men are rebels against material stagnation, against bourgeois primness, and the fawning habits of a people who are uncertain of their culture and nervous about their safety in this world and the next. Mr. Douglas has advanced in courage beyond Twain, and attacks both Christianity and its legal institutions with blundering ferocity. He is beside himself with rage, like a man devoured by ants. And he succeeds in leaving the general impression with the puzzled reader of *Goodbye to Western Culture*, that Christianity is an evil spirit flown out of India, a demon exorcised which has left behind it, in that pleasant Eastern land, a life and society entirely wholesome, excellent, and righteous. It is a very amusing book; and some of it is sadly true. But one must finally feel that the shoe pinches Mr. Douglas somewhere or he would not have troubled to write his tirade. He is not sufficiently in love with human beings to care very much what absurdities they commit. With the exception of his very righteous remarks on reform schools and education, he is furious only about those annoyances that interfere with his comfort, and quite complacent about others that do not. *Goodbye to Western Culture* has the ear-marks of a private spleen. It is something of a sport from the rest of Douglas' work.

However, were Norman Douglas, speaking in literary manner, always perfect, he would be as intolerable as Emerson. When he takes the pains to be genuinely critical, (and that is when he honors his subject), the result of his thought is a penetrative rightness which comes, not so much from fixed or original critical principles, as from what is naturally right and vigorous in Douglas himself. In Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, for example, he appreciates those qualities which are most firmly imbedded in his own nature, and which break forth again and again in his own writing, like the craggy out-cropping of an upland pasture. He says of Doughty: "What drove him, besides an Homeric love of adventure, to endure those hardships was pure intellectual curiosity, the longing

of a brain that feeds on disinterested thought." The Homeric quality, the intellectual longing—that is Douglas. Speaking of authors of travel literature, he says: "Those earlier ones were gentlemen scholars who saw things from their own individual angle. Their leisurely, aristocratic flavor, their wholesome discussions about this or that, their waywardness, and all their mercurial touch of a bygone generation, where is it now?" It is kept in Douglas. But in one respect what he says about Doughty will not do for himself. He remarks upon Doughty's reserve and his sublime detachment. Mr. Douglas is at times neither reserved nor detached. He has moments of submitting to his own crustacean prejudices, of hysterically bowing to his own idols, that constitute a sort of temporary blind staggers, an intoxication of bitterness such as has occasionally infected our frantic Mr. Mencken.

II

And now the lesser, and still great Mr. Douglas can be left for the time, firm in the superior qualities of his scientific curiosity, his endless knowledge, his generosity for the things he trusts, his outrageous and sometimes medicating sanity. Leaving his irritations, his flair for the reversed platitude, we can pass on to the truly immortal Mr. Douglas, he who creates. Under the head of creative writing must come, not only his short stories and novels, but also and in particular, his reminiscences, his memoirs of wandering: *Siren Land*, *Fountains in the Sand*, *Old Calabria*, *Alone*, and *Together*. Creative memoirs! There is no better word for these things in their golden fullness. They are the kind of memoirs that Douglas is always asking other people to write, the revelations of a rich, various, an instinctively noble personality.

The first effect of these travel books and the others is that Douglas is a non-creative and purely exploratory writer. That impression persists for a long time, because he has a trick of repeating his work as if at loss for new material. Nearly all of his few short stories have had several printings, each with an improving revision. And the material of the Capri studies has entered not only into *Siren Land* and *Old Calabria*, but into the structure of *South Wind*. Mr. Douglas has apparently only one poem to his credit, and no plays, unless he himself undertook the dramatization of *South Wind*. He is not a plot maker; and his

characters, however vigorous, are few. The best of them may be discovered to be emanations from his own variegated personality. But when one puts side by side Mr. Douglas' work as a whole, and the judgment of Mr. Edward D. McDonald, who has named him reasonably and truly a realist and stylist, the creative element comes to light by contrast. It is true that Mr. Douglas is a realist in his inexhaustible and thoughtful observations. It is also true that he is a stylist in the perfect impact of thought and word and in mellow sequences. But he is more; he has something beyond the nervous modern fad for minutiae. This something is mythopoesis, the ability, the need to invest natural phenomena with sprites and demons, to shroud the bones of life with fair flesh, and breathe an individual spirit into the body of his creation. He has, in short, the Coleridgean *esemplastic* imagination. Let us take his own word for it.

To hear the "subtle harmony" and respond to the gentle promptings of the *genius loci*, the unseen presence, is what Doughty found to be a talisman. So might others find, but never will among the unseemly and restless conditions of modern life . . . The drying up of the fountains of mythopoesis, the elimination of mystery might well sadden and sterilize a poetic soul.—*Experiments*, "Arabia Deserta", pp. 17-18.

I have only a diary of dates to go upon, out of which with the help of memory and imagination have been extracted these pages . . . Imagination—why not? Truth blends well with untruth, and phantasy has been so sternly banned of late from travelers' tales that I am growing tenderhearted toward the poor old dame; quite chivalrous in fact, especially on those rather frequent occasions when I find myself unable to dispense with her services.—*Alone*, p. 257.

The elusive fascination and magnetism of Mr. Douglas' writing, the compulsion of it, lie in his refulgent poetic quality. He is a maker of dreams and dragons. These travel books are full of such infectious moments of beauty as only the creative genius can produce. Consider two extracts from *Together*, perhaps the most personal and revealing of the books of reminiscence, if not the finest.

They dig peat here as in many of these upland bogs, and the rank vegetation with its pungent odours, sweet and sav-

age, has not yet been mowed down—a maze of tall blue gentians, and mint and mare's tail, and flame-like pyramids of ruby color, and meadowsweet, and the two yellows, the lusty and the frail, all tenderly confused among the mauve mist of flowering reeds.

Stars are out; the Tschallenga hill confronting us has become pitch black; those Rhaetian peaks are like steel, and their snow-patches have a dead look at this hour. Tawny exhalations as of lingering day, flit about the Swiss mountains on our west. Some grass has been mown up here, during the host afternoon; the air is full of its fragrance.

Simple things these two quotations, but how difficult to do without over-doing! They are *alive*! Only the creative hand can so master the color in prose and weave it into a vital entity. It is not every one who will think of snow gone dead at twilight, of tawny exhalations, of frail and lusty yellows. There is a jewel-like quality about this writing, as if it were a diamond with an eternity of light playing in its depths.

Norman Douglas is creative also in his writing of men, whether they be garnered from the past, or men of his own knowing. He seems to have held few women in sufficient respect to make living personalities of them in his books: Ouida, Isabelle Eberhardt, his dour old grandmother, the housewife from whom he extracts the information that she roasts coffee "to the color of a capuchin's frock". That is his method of creating with people. He extracts something of their individuality, or their oddity, something dear to his heart, and embodies in it an ever fresh fragment of his writing. There is Ramage, for example, author of that ripe companion of Douglas' Italian wanderings, *The Nooks and Byways of Italy*; and there are the guides, the innkeepers, the stray acquaintances, those rural Italian family men, and all the innumerable people of the distant past upon whom he touches so frequently. They all live for us under his hand, and require a returning, a constant renewal of their friendship. This is creation; it is not realism, which hands you actualities as a stone for bread.

And now we come to creation as it is more usually understood, the synthesis of plot, the birth of characters. Mr. Douglas' record is slender but glowing. It begins with the short stories which were first published pseudonymously in *Unprofessional Tales*, (1901). In the Centaur Bibliography, Mr. McDonald tells us

that all of these tales but one had a collaborator, and that they were, "tentative and derivative work". They were obviously little flowers offered on the altar of Poe. In later years they were frequently worked over, and must have been invested with the peculiar Douglas originality. Those that are included in *Experiments* have become deft and elvish little intaglios, sometimes grotesque and terrible, sometimes weirdly beautiful, but always delicate.

There are two novels and one long mythological tale, *In the Beginning*, (1928). The writing of this last seems to have been rather a mistake on Mr. Douglas' part. The particular kind of ribaldry which is its essence has become a little stale since *Candide*, and *Penguin Island*; and it has been much overworked by Cabell. But even *In the Beginning* has its moments of beauty; for Mr. Douglas cannot touch anything without imparting to it a fiery phoenix charm.

How many mistakes a man may be forgiven for the sake of *They Went* and *South Wind*! Innumerable literary errors may be allowed to slip into the blackness of forgetting, while one remembers: Theophilus, and the green Princess; Keith, Count Caloveglia, Don Francesco, and the decent Eames who loved the "ballon captif". These two novels are glowing things, full of seductive poetry and summer enchantment. Mr. Douglas is said to have remarked of *South Wind* that it took a long period of happiness to write. He must have had that happiness for *They Went*, also. The two books are different in music and color. They are greatly differentiated by the fact that *They Went*, which should have been named "Theophilus" after its Miltonic fiend, is pure fantasy, the frothy incarnation of a legend. *South Wind* has the dash of reality that makes its illusion credible. The one is a fairy tale; the other might have happened. *They Went* is, however, the firmer book of the two, the more severely patterned; it has a backbone in the character of Theophilus which is lacking to the other. In spite of the fact that Douglas is constantly using a leit-motif of rainbow mist; it is hard, green, and malicious like an emerald. *South Wind* is hot and multicolored. Both of these books are invaded by the sea, the ever-beloved companion of Mr. Douglas, the great and joyous philosopher who is never troubled by categorical imperatives, whose moods, terrible, devouring, playful or serene, reflect his own.

There was quite a little commotion, at least in the author's mind, about the plot of *South Wind*. Some unfortunate reviewers said that it had none. It is presumable that they could give honest reasons for their opinion, but Mr. Douglas' ire was aroused. In a subsequent book, *Alone*, he proved that *South Wind* was all plot from beginning to end. The plot, he says, was to provide subtle means whereby a Bishop should be fuddled into overlooking a murder. The very fineness of the plot lay in its obscurity. It is indeed so obscure that one is tempted to believe Mr. Douglas thought about it after the book was written. The Bishop was to be secretly unravelled and unmoralized by the langorous airs, and by the savage beauty of the island of Nepenthe, until the murder, committed by a woman for whom he had great respect, seemed of no importance. In short, the poor Bishop was the butt of Douglas' Voltairean priest-hatred. He made the mistake, however, of creating in the Bishop a flexible dummy instead of a man. It is child's play to knock down a dummy. Had Mr. Douglas faced a real Bishop with his golden absurdities, he would have met an *impasse*. For it is the business of Bishops to forgive and forget more terrible crimes than murder.

There are numbers of little plots in *South Wind*, elusive things, perfect for short stories, but almost lost in the glowing mass of the whole. The best of them is the story of Count Caloveglia, the Hellenic impostor, the creator of that glorious fraud, the Locri Faun. There is no one plot for the whole book; but it does not need one. Its fascinations are endless without. I have said that it is real, and so it is, in the sense that it might happen, but the very name of the island which is its scenic background, gives it the unsubstantiality of a summer dream; Nepenthe, surcease of sorrow. It is a holiday performance; a masque, a revel, into which are poured all of the author's most joyous pagan humours and no small share of his learning. The torrential Mr. Douglas has become playful and serene, content for sunny hours to spray his wit in deathless conversations.

One puzzles a little about the fiftieth and last chapter of *South Wind*. It seems at first sight an obvious after-thought, but one realizes, finally, that the book could end only so, with the disintegration of the whole Nepenthe crowd, except Caloveglia, in an orgie of drunkenness. It strikes a fair balance for the disintegra-

tion of the straw Bishop. One particularly rejoices in the last feebleness of Keith, the Bishop's anti-type. An admirable conversationalist is Mr. Keith; a poor pagan, with his Achilles heel of fear. One feels no little contempt for him, and his life carefully garnered for ever more and more peculiar pleasures of the senses. He is really likable only when he is naïve and boring. Caloveglia, on the other hand, is a man with a cult of perfection in moderation, and with genius. He is one of the few persons upon whom Mr. Douglas has not exercised his malicious desire for defamation and detraction. Perhaps because Caloveglia has from the beginning the unmoral gift for regal lying, his creator feels no need to unpedestal him as he does so many other estimable people. Eames is an example of it. To rip away the pitiful tatters of self-respect, to undermine the foundations of pomposity, and find worms in fair roses—that is Douglas' particular notion of irony. *South Wind* is not a book to be comprehended in a day. One must put oneself in a receptive and amiable mood for it, and then paradoxically be on guard against too much receptiveness. In all his work Douglas can never be submitted to, and particularly in this. Summer madness as it is, *South Wind* requires continuous agility on the part of the reader lest he, too, be fuddled by the sirocco. This playful ocean mood of Mr. Douglas is very treacherous.

Something is the matter with both *South Wind* and *They Went*. Something they lack. Urbanity, distinction, beauty, they have all this, and a highly charged life. They have also a disarming naiveté. They lack ultimate emotions. These books are the products of hedonism; they are the embodiment of the æsthetic moment for its own sake. Let it be said with truth that to embody such a moment is the artist's goal. Is it enough? The answer to that is, of course, that both *South Wind* and *They Went* are only a glorious kind of fooling, like *The Shaving of Shagpat*. But the fooling is so large and impressive that one is cajoled into taking it seriously, and into hunting for the germ of a truth such as is to be found in *Shagpat*. One must take care to remember that *They Went* and *South Wind* are the unwinding of all truth by a summer hurricane. It is useless to look to Douglas for any emotional satisfaction; he is too experimental. One wearies at last of the metallic and bitter beauty of *They Went*, and of the hot

commotion of *South Wind*. One must go back to *Alone*, and *Old Calabria* for completer satisfaction.

III

Innumerable essays and books could be written about Mr. Douglas to dissect, analyse, and track to their source the infinite facets and contradictions of his literary personality. One of his chief values to modern literature is that Renaissance zest which supplies for the aspiring critic an inexhaustible field of creative work. One might write a complete book replete with quotations, on the Douglas humour, which is ever present, either boisterously or under the surface. It is as varied as the rest of his personality, sometimes heavy-treading and ponderous, sometimes illusive and glancing as marsh lights. One might write an amusing monograph on Mr. Douglas' preferences in inns, and wines, and his taste in food. Much could be written on his contradictions: on the hermaphroditic character of him by which he is at times, brusque and "robustious", even goatish, and at other times, more tender and winsome than a woman; on the fact that he calls all religious symbols absurd, and yet is constantly making of everything that he touches into beauty, a symbol of some ghostly quality; and on the still greater contradiction that he is at once modest, almost shy, and yet highly egotistical. In the last analysis, Mr. Douglas writes of little but himself. He never interprets anything human except in the flood of his own personality. Like all Nietzschean folk, who are terribly afraid of dissolving in the crowd, he will listen with infinite, sweet patience to the unseen sprites of wood, and water, and mountain, and to the shy talk of animals; but never will he quite surrender himself to the human mood. Like all complete egotists, he is insentient to the murmur of the human heart, unless it beats in tune with his own. That is why his creation, which is the liquefaction of external things in his own chemistry, exists chiefly in memoirs, rather than in poems, or plays, or novels.

Mr. Douglas' ultimate value for modern literature lies in the fact that, although he is a rebel, he is not one of the disillusioned. Life is not bleak for him, never a thing to whine about. He escapes, it is true, but into such things as may profitably offer themselves with infinite variety, to any one; into mountain and woodland fastnesses, into the cleansing lore of antiquity. He freshens

such sour humours as produce a Sinclair Lewis, or a Faulkner, with the wind of wider horizons. His philosophy seems to be a mingling of Epicureanism, Nietzscheanism, and fortitude; and fortitude is the greater part. He is assuredly one of the immortals. So much vitality, so much "terrific sunshine" cannot soon die away. In the introduction to Wyndham Lewis' *Francois Villon*, Hilaire Belloc speaks of a quality of "hardness" in Villon, which assures him deathless literary value. It is by this same kind of hardness that Douglas also will survive the erosions of time. And by that other quality named by Nietzsche in speaking of himself, fragrance. Douglas works not in butter, nor yet in oak, but in veined marble and crystal; and his work gives forth a myriad of living scents, as if it had the warmth of flesh. In years to come, some one taking down *Old Calabria* from a dusty shelf of antiquities, will find in it that timeless summer odor, that resilient unmissiveness.

by Norman Macleod

PRAIRIE STEEL

Prairie broken the fire trestles
Where horses neigh, their manes wind-blown,
Ingraining the wind upon desire.
The cut cool of the loam creeps up
From soil and crests in a font of rock
And strikes into the future.
The years are smokestacks thrust
Upon the earth's crust surface,
Dispelling candid skies
With smoke of metal:
The caught bloom of the earth
Where metal shines
And builds the bright blue steel.

by James Harold Flye

SOME MOVEMENTS IN MODERN EDUCATION¹

THE subject of education to some extent concerns everyone. For education is the molding of a young life through circumstances and influences brought to bear upon it. These molding influences are exerted in various ways including association with other children and with adults in the family and in school. Their sum total is of enormous influence upon the life subjected to them, determining largely—some would say wholly—the ideas and habits of the successive generations. What these ideas and habits are matters not only to the ones being educated but to the older generation as well, members of which have denied opinions as to the knowledge and attitudes which it is desirable to possess and which should therefore be fostered in the young.

This solicitude is interesting to consider in both its motive and effects and might itself form the subject of a paper: what knowledge and attitudes the older generation or various members of it wish the younger generation to have and why; means by which it is hoped to secure the desired result; and the degree of success achieved. The education of boys in ancient Persia consisted, according to Herodotus, in teaching them to ride, to use the bow, and to speak the truth. In many boys' camps of the present day instruction is given in all three of these branches. Among us it is also desired, for example, that young people should learn to read and write, that they should be able at least temporarily to list the principal exports of Greece, bound Idaho, and name the chief rivers of Siberia; that they should believe that the United States beat England in the War of 1812; that they should respect others' property and refrain from stealing (at least until they get into political office) that they should be courteous and humane; that they should be compelled by law to be ignorant of methods of contraception; that in some states they should and in others

¹A paper read before the E. Q. B. Club.

they should not be taught the theory of organic evolution. To this end we establish schools and pass laws.

Gibbon makes a remark which I have often quoted appreciatively, perhaps as finding therein some excuse for my own lack of results in teaching. Speaking of Commodus, the son of Marcus Aurelius, he says, "The power of instruction is seldom of much efficacy except in those happy dispositions where it is almost superfluous." Do some of you, dear friends, of the University faculty, have times when you incline to agree with Gibbon? The power of instruction seldom of much efficacy—Well, yes. And yet from another point of view instruction or education is of immense efficacy. By influences brought to bear on the child ideas, attitudes good or bad, are implanted which are thenceforth a permanent part of the individuality or are modified later only with very great difficulty. In which fact lies hope—and danger. The mouth of a Chinese waters at the sight of a large succulent grasshopper; fried in sizzling fat they are delicious. Natives of West Africa find the large white grubs that breed in decaying palm stumps a great delicacy. The American may be nauseated at the thought of these but he can think without repugnance of eating oysters or the flesh of a cow. Merely a matter of early education in each case. Most of us or our wives or mothers would, I am sure, be stirred to horror and anger at seeing someone stabbed or whipped. But the men and matrons of ancient Rome could witness with interest a gladiatorial show, and Spartans of both sexes watch with approval a boy being whipped to death before the altar of Artemis. The influence of education. The ideas implanted in children's minds. We have no gladiatorial shows, but there is still a vast amount of cruelty in the stage of civilization which we have reached. God grant that it, too, wherever found, may become as much a thing of the past as offerings to Moloch.

Probably no age of the world has seen more searching scrutiny of the educational process and more earnest effort to evaluate its aims and methods than the present. The fundamental aim, I take it, can be simply expressed as that of handing on to coming generations the best that the human race has gained thus far, and to make it possible for this to be supplemented by further discovery. Unless there is preserved and available the knowledge that past generations have gained each individual would have to

start all over from the zero point, savagery. On the other hand unless what is thus transmitted by each generation is questioned, revised, and supplemented, humanity can never advance. "If we limit children of the next generation to what we ourselves admire", says Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, "we pauperize their minds."

The period of our life-times has seen many changes in educational thought and procedure, to certain of which it is proposed in this paper to call attention. Included among these are a decidedly different attitude toward childhood, its nature and possibilities, the increased application of psychology to education, the pre-school movement, the Dalton Plan, the New School or Progressive Education Movement in Europe and America, the fostering among children of creative work in art and literature. Some of these are not yet generally well known, and in educational practice as in other spheres it is some time before the ideas of advanced thinkers reach and affect the lower levels, but the leaven is working. I do not mean that all new ideas in education are of sound value. (Who was it that said, "Every reform has its lunatic fringe"?) It would be strange indeed if among the educational proposals and experiments of recent years some had not been erratic. But it would surely be stranger still if some had not proved valuable.

It is not proposed here to undertake anything like a historical survey of education or to list with any completeness the movements and methods of the modern educational world and places where interesting work is being done, but merely to name and discuss a few.

It may be hard to find an idea that has not already been expressed long ago by someone; but that someone may have been a very lonely seer, and certainly the thought of the world does change. Anyone recalling that a century ago asylums for the insane charged admission fees as to a show and visitors were allowed to tease the patients for fun, and that in 1818 when a bill was brought into the English parliament to regulate asylums it was opposed and defeated, one of the peers declaring that there could not be a more false humanity than over-humanity with regard to persons afflicted with insanity—anyone recalling such facts as these will agree that there has been a change during the last hundred years in the attitude of so-called civilized people to-

ward the mentally afflicted. Another notable change of the past century is the different attitude toward children.

If asked what this change is we might perhaps describe it as the gaining among educators of knowledge of and appreciation and respect for the nature and personality of the child. Seneca might say "*maxima debetur pueris reverentia*", the greatest reverence is due to boyhood, which sounds like one of the finest sentiments that have come down to us from antiquity, but there may be some question whether he meant by that what a modern educator means by reverence for the child's personality. May it be perhaps that like many another thinker, pagan philosopher or Hebrew prophet, he said something greater than he realized? Taken in any sense it is a noble thought, but an examination of educational procedure down through the ages will show all too little acceptance and application of it. To read of what was common practice in the schools of a generation or so ago makes one furious. One who had the fortune to be a pupil of Arthur Christopher Benson at Eton writes of the attitude there at that time (some forty years ago), "The idea that true friendship and sympathy could exist between tutor and pupil without loss of dignity on one side and a want of respect on the other was outside the philosophy of any save a very few of the younger and less orthodox of the assistant masters. If Arthur Benson did not actually found a new school of ideas in this respect he was certainly one of the first exponents of a more enlightened system." But this "true friendship and sympathy" referred to is a fundamental of real teaching. Not only no real friendship and sympathy, there was a tradition of brutality. Sternness, rigor, bullying, sarcasm, whipping, were the common elements of the grim world of school into which the loveliness of childhood was ushered, often to its terror and grief, often to the permanent damage of the child's personality. Schools were not winsome places in classic antiquity or in the middle ages or down to the present. But why should they not be? Many are now. If there is anything lovelier than the wholesome development of childhood and youth, mentally, physically, spiritually, I do not know what it is. Why could not education have been thought of and made something

¹From the chapter by Edward Cadogan, M.P., in *A. C. Benson as Seen by Some Friends*, Putnam's, 1926.

joyous instead of grim? In spite of the words and efforts of individuals here and there the dark and cruel shadows of disapproval or suspicion of the inclinations of youth, severity, harsh punishment, lie sombrely across a scene that might have been so fair.

How different the whole matter is at present! The worst barbarities of the old régime have been done away, and even though in many quarters thought and practice still lag woefully behind the ideal, conditions generally show a vast improvement over those of the past, while what is being thought and done in places on the educational front makes one truly glad.

The fundamental difference is in the attitude toward childhood, understanding and respect for the child's personality. And has any other attitude ever brought happiness and called out from human beings their highest and best?

Understanding and appreciation. It is not a matter of scoffing at the ignorance or lauding the wisdom of past generations but merely attempting to appraise. In regard to childhood as in other fields of Natural History there were in the past many wrong ideas, some of which have been corrected. Need we recall, for example, that up to a few years ago practically nothing was understood about scientific nutrition; that no one knew of the function or existence of vitamins; that the effects of the endocrine glands on physical and mental development were not suspected; that children—and adults, too, for that matter, in insane asylums—were whipped because the thyroid gland was not functioning properly? (This and similar things are in some places, to be sure, still being done.) Did you ever hear someone say impatiently to a child, "Can't you keep still?" The answer would be, of course, if the child could make it, "Only with great discomfort, and at a risk to my nervous and physical system." In the growing child there are tens of thousands of sensory-motor co-ordinations to be made. The nerve cells are clamoring, "Move! wriggle! look around! See if you can use this muscle. Now try that one." This should not be humorous or irritating. It is necessary, commendable, perhaps even charming. But how many children have been punished for merely the restlessness and activity that nature demanded? I am certainly not saying that every physical im-

pulse should be yielded to, or that self-control should not be developed. It most certainly should. But the way to help a young person build self-control is by direction and co-operation based upon understanding.

The understanding needed is of course not only of the child's physical nature. To be sure no one knows yet just what or how close the connection is between physiology and psychology, but the mental as well as physical characteristics of the young ought certainly to be known so far as possible by anyone having to do with education, and this knowledge has within the last generation been greatly increased. Accordingly there is a vastly better ability to diagnose and to treat character defects, maladjustments, and wrong behavior than ever before. A hundred years ago common procedure in case of almost any illness was bleed the patient and give him a dose of calomel; and for a child who did not conform to what an adult expected, scold him, beat him. Thank God, people are learning some things.

The result of this knowledge is a large discarding of the use of punishment, and in fact thinking in different terms. Instead of "a fault to be punished" the idea now is "undesirable behavior to be corrected". What causes the undesirable action or attitude and how can it be changed for the better? Perhaps the teacher can see, but if not many schools now have on the staff a consulting psychiatrist to diagnose and treat such cases. And just as the doctor may find that rheumatism in the elbow is caused by infection at the root of a tooth, so the psychiatrist may find that George's lying has its cause in a physical state, a fear, a family situation, an early attempt to break him of left-handedness, an unfortunate incident when he was three years old. Skillful treatment in such cases is as much superior to summary punishment as the extraction of the tooth in the case of rheumatism is superior to the application of snake oil to the elbow. Modern methods, to be sure, may not succeed in all cases. Neither did the older ones.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was a wise and kindly man. In dictating some arguments to Boswell, however, in the case of a schoolmaster charged with cruelty, he said, expressing what was perhaps his own belief and certainly an idea widely accepted in his time, "Children, being not reasonable, can be governed only by fear. To impress this fear is therefore one of the first duties of those

who have the care of children"—a statement wrong in every particular. Children are not entirely reasonable beings; but certainly adults are not. And as to the possibility of controlling them only by fear, various of us have controlled too many of them by other means. Hear what two men say who know better. These two men are not on the staff of Teachers' College, Columbia, though every word quoted from them would be endorsed there. The first is Roger Ascham, tutor of Edward VI and Queen Elizabeth. "Let your scholar be never afraid to ask you any doubt, but use discretely the best allurements you can to encourage him to the same, lest his over-much fearing of you drive him to seek some disorderly shift, as to seek to be helped by some other scholar and so go about to beguile you much and himself more. With this way of good understanding the master, . . . cheerful admonition, and heedful amending of faults, never leaving behind just praise for well doing, I would have the scholar brought up withal." "For commonly many schoolmasters be of so crooked a nature as when they meet with a hard-witted scholar they rather break him than bow him, rather mar him than mend him. For when the schoolmaster is angry with some other matter then will he soonest fall to beat his scholar; and though he himself should be punished for this folly yet must he beat some other scholar for his pleasure though there be no cause for him to do so nor yet fault in the scholar to deserve so . . . But this will I say, that even the wisest of your great beaters do as oft punish nature as they do correct faults." And again this wise and gentle saying, "—using always such discreet moderation as a school-house should be counted a sanctuary against fear."

The other man is one with certain of whose ideas all of us might not fully agree, but he has in at least one field done some of the finest things I know of. If by any chance you do not know of the splendid work he did with and for children, gaining their confidence because they knew he would never abuse it, trusting them, giving them a chance, fighting for them, saving them from ruin, doing for them what you would wish might be done for your boy or girl if they were in trouble, do read this moving story some time, and you will say, Thank God for such a friend to children as Ben Lindsey.

¹Roger Ascham, *The Schoolmaster*.

Judge Lindsey says, "Fear with children, as with their elders, is the father of lies. I found that when a boy was brought before me I could do nothing with him until I had taken the fear out of his heart; but once I had gotten rid of that fear I found—to my own amazement—that I could do anything with him. I could do things that seemed miraculous . . . I learned that instead of fear we must use sympathy, but without cant, without hypocrisy, and without sentimentalism."

In illustration of some things said about methods of dealing with children or young people may I give the following personal incident? This is a case that I dealt with in a way that might be called fairly satisfactory as ordinary school discipline but which I came to realize I could have handled much better.

One evening when I was in charge of study hall the quiet was disturbed by some boys surreptitiously tossing tiny pebbles across the room. Finding out who it was—three boys in the grammar school grades aged about thirteen—I called them up and told them rather curtly to sit in three designated seats well up in front and not turn around for the rest of the period. They obeyed and there was no more disturbance. I got the desired quiet in the room and had a sense of victory. But victory over what? Why, not only over the situation but partly over the three boys. Looking back afterwards, however, I saw that I could have secured not only the desired quiet but something much finer. I could have managed the matter so that both the boys and myself would have felt not that I had scored over them but that they and I together had scored, that I had helped them to function on a higher and more satisfying level. There was nothing really bad about these boys, no real spirit of trouble-making or insubordination. Suppose, then, I had called them up, looked at them in an understanding way and said, "See here, about throwing these things around. That makes a lot of disturbance as you know, don't you? And you know that I could get you into trouble for it. Now I don't want to do that, because I believe there is a better way. I am going to tell you what it is and you see if you don't think so, too. Let's just talk as friends. It seems awfully dull in here sometimes, doesn't it? And it seems as if you just

¹Lindsey, *The Beast*, Doubleday, Page, & Co., 1910. p. 133.

couldn't stand it without doing something. You hate to have to be in here and keep quiet when you would like to be playing and it seems as if you just had to do a little something for devilment. I know just how that feels. I feel that way myself sometimes. Now it's natural to feel that way but it's a sign of strength not to give way always to our feelings." I cite the case of a boy on scout duty, in danger, controlling every impulse and movement. "It's great to be able to do that. I believe you can. I wish we didn't have to be here, but you see we do, and we're expected to get up our lessons while we're here. Maybe you don't have much work to get up, but some of the high school boys have and we must keep things as quiet as possible so that those who need to can study. You see? You and I aren't playing against each other. Don't ever feel that. We're on the same side and you know I'm your friend. Now will you help toward keeping a quiet room? Not because of there being any rule about it or because you might get some penalty, but just because you see the room ought to be quiet so everyone who needs to can study, whether it's I or someone else who is in charge. You can help a lot. Will you do that? All right, I know you will. I'm not going to give you any demerits or any penalty at all, because I can't see what good that would do anybody and because I feel perfectly sure I can count on you. Do you think I can?" I smile, looking straight into their eyes. They smile back at me and assure me I can. "All right. I know it. If I can ever help you out of any trouble or do anything for you let me know. What lessons do you have to get up for to-morrow?" And so I start them off. The desired result has been gained and we all feel friendly. This friendliness, with respect on both sides, will give me a chance to help them further some time.

H. G. Wells in his book on Sanderson of Oundle notes three stages in the history of education. In the first it has been sought to secure results by compulsion, in the second by competition, in the third by co-operation. It cannot be said that the co-operative spirit fully prevails now, but on what I call the educational front it does, and such association—not the abominable old idea of teacher and pupil being pitted against each other but that of teacher and pupil together pitted against difficulties and problems

in an atmosphere of friendship and co-operative achievement—is something fine and happy indeed.

I was once driving in a car with Mrs. Marietta Johnson, of Fairhope, Alabama, of whose educational work some of you no doubt know, and another person, when we passed a group of children ten or twelve years of age playing near the road. Looking at them with her face alight she exclaimed "How *beautiful* children are!" On the same occasion, in answer to a question about her summer course for teachers she said, "Oh, we train them in methods, and we have them take part in dancing and games, and story-telling, and craft-work, and things that will make them fit to live with children."

Well, children *are* charming. And if you think I mean sub-adolescents only, read a story called *The Undiscovered Country* by H. C. Kittredge, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November 1920, (You never destroy a copy of the *Atlantic*, do you?) telling of what a teacher learned, to his surprise and delight, about the unsuspected resources of boys of high school age in incisive literary criticism and in handling an administrative problem.

Here, too, one feels bound to note an educational advance in the increased realization of the charm of youth in itself. Has not the attitude toward children often been influenced far too much by the thought of them merely as potential adults, with the life, feelings, and needs of the child as a child too little considered? Here is a statement ascribed to John Wesley^{*} in regard to his school at Kingswood, Bristol. "As we have no play-day, the school being taught every day in the year but Sunday, so neither do we allow any time for play on any day. He that plays when he is a child will play when he is a man."

Childhood is not just preparation for life. It is life at that stage. As well say that the age of forty is a preparation for being fifty or sixty. The age of ten or twelve or fifteen is justifiable in itself. Preparation? For what? What is the age conceived of as being really of importance, so that childhood is significant only as preparation for it? Why not say that perhaps the intrinsically worth-while age is childhood and youth? that perhaps in Nature's

^{*}I have not had the opportunity to verify this quotation. It is given in Dunn, *The Natural History of the Child*, John Lane Co., 1920.

eyes senility begins at say eighteen? that possibly Nature permits the human race to exist not so that there may be adults but so that there may be children? Who knows? Our highest authority said in speaking of children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." I get a bit tired of hearing young people up through grammar school, high school, college, professional school told that they are preparing for life. They are preparing for expected further years of life as a person of forty is, but the age of twelve or fifteen is as truly life as is forty. Childhood years are life in a very lovely aspect of it, and a true scheme of education while preparing us for the future whether we be six or sixty will at the same time make the present as rich and happy as possible.

An interesting development of the last ten years or so is the pre-school movement; that is, the working out of the technique for the training of children below even kindergarten age—the education of babies, if you like. The idea of the importance of the training in early years is of course very old, but the vast amount of study of infancy in recent years by doctors and psychologists has contributed a great deal and the application has been worked out. There are, for example, the nursery schools, where just as on the physical side there is every care to insure healthy bodily development so there is scientific effort to prevent or correct undesirable habits and traits in the personality and develop good ones. The nursery school connected with the Merrill-Palmer School of Home-Making in Detroit, and the Ruggles St. Nursery, Cambridge, Massachusetts, are two such institutions. Dr. Douglas Thom, author of the pamphlet *Habit Clinics for the Child of Pre-School Age*, which has been published for distribution by the Children's Bureau, Washington, and of the book *Everyday Problems of the Everyday Child*, is consulting psychiatrist at the latter school. A nursery school in New Haven, has the assistance of Dr. Gesell of Yale. If one wants to know how much can be done toward the formation and modification of attitudes and habits in young children at the age when the attitudes and habits are being formed which will later characterize the adult he has only to read of the work of such places. Have you and I—or have some of our friends—habits and traits which have been an annoyance or a handicap all through life but which would have been prevented

or eliminated by means now used in such nursery schools? An adult's attitude toward his fellows may be largely the result of the way he was held when a baby. Fears, nervous dreads. How many of us are tormented with them! Most of them need never have arisen. Sir W. Beach Thomas, in an article called *Our Mortal Foe* in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1926, says, "Any good psychologist could make out a syllabus of instruction by which a parent or teacher could effectually deal with those repressive fears which are the worst evil of childhood and lead to strange and terrible perversions of the moral and even physical well-being in after life."

About twenty years ago there was started in the High School at Dalton, Massachusetts, by Miss Helen Parkhurst a system of instruction, or perhaps it would be better to say a system of study, now known as the Dalton Plan. It has in some quarters made remarkable progress, being applied in various countries of Europe and Asia. In 1925 I saw the statement that there were three thousand schools in Great Britain where it was in use.

In this system there are no class recitations and no schedule for the various subjects except for certain group conferences. It is a system of individual work. When each student enters school at the beginning of the year he gets assignments for a month's work in detail in each of his subjects. These are in the form of assignment sheets, usually mimeographed. Here, for example, is a boy in first year high school, taking Latin, algebra, history, English, and French. There are given to him five assignment sheets, one in each of these subjects. Each sheet shows four large divisions, first, second, third and fourth five units, or first, second, third and fourth weeks. A unit means what may be fairly prepared as one day's work in that subject. The student is free to use his time as he pleases, though he soon learns to budget it. When he wants to study history he goes to the history room, where he finds all needful reference books and apparatus for the study of this subject. The teacher is in the room and available for consultation and help when needed. When the pupil wishes to study mathematics he goes to the mathematics room, where he finds similar facilities, and so with other subjects. If he gets interested in his subject he can go on working at it till

a good stopping place is reached instead of having to leave at the end of a fixed period. If he wants to do all the month's work in two weeks he may, but he cannot get the second month's assignment in any subject until he has completed the first month's assignment in all the subjects. If he works at such a rate as to finish the year's work in less than a year the opportunity is thus given for special work and electives. There are group discussions where desirable. At certain points in a subject the student goes to the teacher for a check-up or short quiz, and when he has finished the month's assignment he takes a test.

Miss Parkhurst left the Dalton High School to found the Children's University School, New York, with the Dalton Plan used in both grammar and high school grades. I visited this school in 1927 and was admirably impressed with the atmosphere of joyous work, friendliness, freedom not abused, and fine morale. Perhaps you will feel that this is partly explained if I give the following incident. An eight year old boy once said unexpectedly in the midst of other conversation. "Miss Parkhurst, I've been thinking about you and the school and I don't think you ought to be the head of a school." "You don't?" she said. "No," he replied, "I think you ought to be Queen of Fairyland." "That's a pretty compliment," she said. He answered "I don't know if it is a pretty compliment or not, but if you were Queen of Fairyland everything would be arranged everywhere to make children happy." Surely it is such persons who should teach children.

There are various other schools in this country using the Dalton Plan, including the South Philadelphia High School for girls, with a student body of about sixteen hundred.

The system could of course be used equally well for college work, and in fact a modification of the Dalton Plan is being used in a college which is attracting a good deal of attention at the present time (Sinclair Lewis for example, mentioned it with commendation in his speech at Stockholm.) I refer to Rollins College, at Winter Park, Florida. At Rollins the lecture and recitation systems have been abolished. The periods, two hours long, give opportunity for study as in the Dalton Plan, with the instructor in the room and available for conference and help. This plan, says President Holt, "has for its purpose and hopes to effect continuous consultation and co-operation between teacher and stu-

dent. The theory behind this innovation is that the student's mind is immature, that frequently he does not know how to study, and that he most needs the professor when he is preparing his lesson and not after he has learned or failed to learn it. Thus the maximum impact of the instructor's personality will be exerted on the student's mind at the time when it is most needed." In actual practice the use of the two hours varies more or less with different instructors and courses. Some use part of the period for a lecture or group discussion. With others it is largely or wholly taken up in individual work, the students doing assigned study or reading and coming to the instructor from time to time to ask questions or discuss some point. The system appears to work very well at Rollins where a happy, co-operative spirit generally seems to prevail.

At Rollins there was gathered, by the way, last January, a conference of educators, with John Dewey as chairman and James Harvey Robinson as one of the members, to discuss the whole subject of college curriculum: what should we study and why. The preliminary report has been published, but the larger one, including a stenographic report of the discussions is not out yet.

What is usually referred to as the New School movement in Europe, the effort to get something in secondary education less rigid and remote than the old type of school, began with the founding of Abbotsholme in 1889 by Cecil Reddie. Four years later J. H. Badley, who had been on the staff at Abbotsholme, founded Bedales, near Petersfield, Hampshire, now a school of about three hundred students, doing a fine quality of work. The Dalton Plan is in use. A few paragraphs from Carleton Washburne's *New Schools in the Old World* in regard to Bedales may be of interest.

The buildings themselves, the grounds, the equipment, and the teachers are all unusually fine. I wish I could give something of the feel of the place, the quite informal atmosphere, the beautiful country-side, the buildings—attractive and efficient places for work—the boys and girls respectful, well-mannered, but unrepressed and natural. As one talks to Mr. Badley himself one feels that the school is the very expression of the ideals of this kindly, wise, and able man, with his full brown beard, his soft shirt, and his eyes showing both tenderness and fire.

American public schools are facing every year a more serious problem in the attitude their boys and girls maintain toward each other. Recently it has become in many sections of the United States even more acute, with high school students indulging in mixed parties and escapades that leave parents as well as teachers shocked and questioning. Words like "flapper" and "sheik" have come into common use to denote the existence of a new order of adolescence, with a precocious, over-sentimentalized sex relationship that starts playing at love-making far too early.

In direct contrast to this early development of the boy-and-girl relationship to the sentimental stage, we find at Bedales boys and girls playing and studying and working together under almost ideal conditions of friendly co-operation and frank, unsentimental companionship.

The boys and girls ride together, shoot together, dance together, act, play tennis, play hockey, and play cricket together. They care for the school grounds, working side by side, and throughout it all the attitude of the boys toward the girls and of the girls toward the boys is comradely and straightforward, a relationship that can be admired and that does not have to be feared.

How has this attitude been brought about? If we could only take the answer to that question and apply it to our own schools we might here and there better co-educational conditions immeasurably. But it is not so easy as that. For more than thirty years at Bedales, a tradition has been growing up, fostering this attitude of frank comradeship and discouraging sentimentality. It has been built up by the teachers, but has been carried along by the students themselves, until now, as school generation succeeds school generation, the boys and girls themselves wield the influence of society over any over-sentimentalized offender. If flirting starts, those indulging in it are soon de-sentimentalized by the attitude of their companions, who regard the performance as merely silly.

There are a number of other "new schools" of various types in England. H. G. Wells' book *The Story of a Great Schoolmaster*, (Sanderson of Oundle) tells of one of them and discusses in general the newer educational ideas and practice.

A young German educator, Herman Lietz, attracted to Abbotsholme by what he heard of its work, after teaching there for a time returned to Germany, filled with enthusiasm for the new spirit and method, to found at Ilseburg, at the foot of the Harz

Mountains, a *Landerziehungsheim*, and later another. There are six of these Lietz schools in Germany today. Another school, founded in 1910 in a similar spirit and which must be an exceedingly interesting and charming place is the Odenwaldschule. Without giving any description of the life there in its various phases—this big family of children from six to twenty where everyone has a voice in the government—may I exhibit a verbal snap-shot taken at the Odenwaldschule one night last fall on the occasion of the German celebration of the withdrawal of the last French troops. The spirit of the whole new education is in it. This is by Mrs. Burling, one of the teachers at the Odenwaldschule, and appeared in *Progressive Education* for November, 1930.*

Flames shooting in the dark, a crowd, a song, a few simple words, a silence. This is our simple little ceremony in the heart of the Odenwald, a ceremony perfect in its way, the parallel of many bigger and greater celebrations of the final evacuation of German soil by the last of the Allied troops.

All the late afternoon the children have been gathering wood for the burning, till the *Sportplatz* is strewn with heap upon heap of dried branches At last the structure is complete.

In the meantime, the *Mitarbeiter*s and helpers have been coming up by twos and threes till we are all here together in the open, with the outlines of the birches and balsams showing dark against the night sky. Someone strikes a match and all at once anticipation has become a reality. Something has happened, is happening. Ah! the magic of a flame! How this shooting, crackling, vivid, live thing grips us! How the symbolism of it fastens itself on something in us deep and strong and certain!

Shades of all our ancestors through the ages, who at temple altar or under starry sky have kindled your sacred fires! Keep alive in us that vision without which the people perish! Let us never be lost in the whirl of doing, doing, till we have time for being, no time for moments such as this! How surely, here, we know the trivial from the worthy, the unreal from the real! And now we are singing, and our voices swell and rise with our spirits in the upward sweep of the music.

*Acknowledgement is made to the editor of *Progressive Education* for kind permission to incorporate in this paper as here printed the article *Flamme Empor* which was read from the magazine when this paper was given at the meeting of the E. Q. B. Club.

Flamme empor! Flamme empor!
 Steige mit loderndem Scheine
 von den Gebirgen am Rheine,
 glühend empor, glühend empor,
 Heilige Glut, heilige Glut,
 rufe die Jugend zusammen,
 dass bei den lodernden Flammen
 wachse der Mut, wachse der Mut!

Again the voices on the listening night air:

Leuchtender Schein, leuchtender Schein,
 siehe wir singenden Paare
 schwören am Flammenaltare
 treu dir zu sein, treu dir zu sein!

Silence, pricked with many meanings.

Then Paulus [this is Paul Geheeb, the director of the school] steps out from the group and turns to speak to us. With his kind eyes and unhurried dignity, he belongs with the trees, the fire, the night. His words are few and beautifully simple. We are come here to-night, not in the spirit of carnival, but realizing the significance of the day and feeling a thankfulness, jubilant, yet sober, a gratitude that must find a special expression. Hence this fire, this song, this ceremony. And now, in token of our loyalty to the best in our own land and in our sister country, France, and of our glad co-operation with her for our common goal of brotherhood, let each raise his right arm in a silent pledge of his truest and highest. Look at the mass of arms as they shoot up in splen-

The following attempt at translation is offered:

Upward, O fire! Upward, O fire!
 Wide let thy beacon shine
 From the far-off hills to the Rhine,
 Gleaming still higher, gleaming still higher.

Sacred glow, sacred glow
 Summon the youth in thy name
 That as we stand by thy flame
 Spirit may grow, spirit may grow.

Flame rising free, flame rising free,
 Watch, as we singers, each pair,
 Stand at thy altar and swear
 Ever to be faithful to thee.

did response! Look at the faces—earnest, steady, strong! God! *can* there *ever* be another war?

The flames have died down; there remains only a huge mass of glowing cinders which some of the *Kameraden* rake together roughly. And now—"Springen!" We all stand in a big circle, expectant. Here comes a figure in the dim light, running, running, straight at the glowing pile—a leap and he is over it, to vanish in the darkness and be followed by others in rapid succession. On they come, singly or by twos, threes, or fours, boys and girls together, hand in hand.

There is no shouting, no tumult. This, too, seems a ceremony. Someone puts a big branch on the coals, and again the flames shoot up, and again the figures come running and hurl themselves through the very heart of it. Many of the boys are naked to the waist, and look like leaping fauns as they hurtle over the fire. On and on they go, till at last a strong voice calls out "*Gute Nacht*" and we break up and stroll off through the woods to our beds, while the very air seems to echo, "Good will—good will," and again "Good will." Spirit of brotherhood and love—*Flamme Empor*.

Schools pervaded with the newer spirit are to be found in France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Denmark, and other countries of Europe, the Bureau Internationale des Écoles Nouvelles at Geneva forming a sort of cleaning-house for the ideas of the newer education; and in the United States, where the Progressive Education Association with headquarters at Washington performs a somewhat similar function; as well as in various other parts of the world. One would like to speak of many of them, the École des Roches, for example, in France, the work of Decroly in Belgium, and many others, for the schools mentioned above are only more or less random illustrations of newer ideas in education which are manifested in interesting and charming ways in a great many other places.

One of the most interesting things done in modern education is encouraging children to express themselves in art and writing. In a really good educational environment any manifestation of the creative instinct, however crude, is to be watched for and fostered. No expression of it is ever to be made fun of but encouraged and led to do better. A musical or artistic or literary genius will undoubtedly find or make a way to the exercise of his gift, but there is many a child of moderate ability in music or art or writing which

if cultivated would at least mean a richer life for him but which will very likely not be cultivated unless there is someone to watch for it and stimulate and help him to train it.

To be sure the ability to give this encouragement and stimulus in just the right way reaches in some cases to positive genius. Professor Cizek of Vienna in the field of art, and Hughes Mearns of New York in writing, both prose and verse, are among teachers who have elicited from their pupils a very fine quality of original work. Many of you have no doubt read Mearns' book *Creative Youth* telling of what was done at Lincoln School. But the output is entirely the pupil's, the teacher simply helping create the favorable atmosphere. Merely the expression of friendly interest and belief that the child could write will sometimes do much toward providing the needed stimulus. A twelve year old boy, Dunning Somers, with whom I had talked a little about writing, urging him if he ever felt at all like trying it to obey that impulse just for the joy of producing something of his own, slipped into my hand one day a paper containing the following, which he had written in study hall.

I am sitting in a room
With many windows.
The sun is tinting them
With red and purple and gold
As it sets
In glory.

But slowly as it sinks
It fades
Into grays and sombre hues,
And then comes night
With its sable blackness
Stretching into
Infinity.

"Dunning," I said, "that's fine. You must try more." He did from time to time, writing little poems, some in free verse, some in rhyme. Here is one he called *Sea*.

Gray,
Flecked with white;
Green,
Curling into foam;

Blue,
Deep and eternal;
All these are the sea
In its moods,
Angry, frolicksome, calm;
All these are the sea
In its vast eternity,
Instilling into your soul
A loveliness
Deep as itself,
Beautiful,
Profound.

These are not school compositions. They are just spontaneous upbubbings from the lovely soul of childhood.

And so we come back to the thought expressed toward the beginning of this paper. In what lies hope for the achieving of humanity's best? Is it not in the co-operation of the older and the younger generations? One often hears jokes about young people thinking they "know it all" made by older people who are perhaps in equal danger of thinking that it is the elders who really know it all. All of us have much yet to learn. Can we not, old and young together, try to see and welcome what is valuable from whatsoever source it comes? Maturity should surely be able to contribute experience and tested truth; while youth has in every generation its own lovely contribution to make. Can we not combine our resources, so that the truth of the past will be saved but its errors discarded, new knowledge gained, new discoveries made, so that we can all be learning together and achieve together a human society nobler, finer, happier? Can our schools be places where this is done? If so they will be what John Dewey called "Schools of To-morrow."

by Theodore Roethke

SECOND VERSION

To measure love by love's machine,
I fashioned out of bone and skin

A sensitized receptacle
Of all that could be beautiful,

Strung nerves more fitly to receive
A love the mind could not believe.

No cosmic attribute, no brain
To arch above the body's pain,

Only the flesh, perceptive sense
Interpreting love's violence,

Made up this miracle of blood,
The engine of my fortitude.

I set the delicate instrument,—
My bright upstanding body bent
Recording passion's element.

But fleshless substance still prevailed,—
The instrument of sense had failed!

Infinite terror pierced my side,
The single flesh had been denied!

The mind imposed a separate guage
To measure love's incarnate rage,

Arranged a schedule thereupon
For pleasures of my skeleton,

Directed by a sheer control
The finite flesh, the infinite soul!

by Donald A. Stauffer

MONNA MELANCHOLIA

A STUDY IN PATER'S SOURCES

"O LOVER!" Leonardo da Vinci exclaims, "who better can give thee the image of thine own true love, the poet or the painter?" *Il pittore*, he triumphantly concludes. Triumphantly, but erroneously. The painter, perhaps, was victor in Italy and in the fifteenth century, but this age, Leonardo, is not critical but wordy. Walter Pater's poem on the subject of your own Monna Lisa has superseded, Leonardo, your painting and rendered it unnecessary. Ten men, Leonardo, find the mirror of their true loves in his magic words, for every soul who finds it in *La Gioconda*. The words—and who does not know them?—create in each man's mind an image of such definite emotion that the actual painting has become an irritating substitute. Surely that livid canvas pendent in the Louvre is not the Lady Lisa who "embodies the old fancy and symbolizes the modern idea"! That smile wherein vacuity cunningly produces bewilderment,—for who can puzzle and tease a meaning from sheer negation of meaning?—can it be the smile of the creature who "has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her"?

Or is Pater's smile the smile of a siren, never seen, rising from the deep waters of a hermit's mind, and charming into eloquence a recluse seated where flaking English stone guards many volumes and many manuscripts untouched save by dust and the reedy fingers of scholars? "She has trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments and tinged the eyelids and the hands." Need he voyage in the flesh, who thus can voyage on strange seas of thought alone? Is not Oxford enough, with its port and prejudice, its interminable winter twilights, its background of gray stone against gray sky? Is not Oxford enough, which can cause to bloom, like a tiger lily

in a winter waste, such florid magic? When the soul is steeped in words, when the mind wanders like a pigmy among gigantic Alexandrian libraries, and breathes again the dust and glory of a thousand vanished years; when past becomes present in unending ranks of print,—then the slightest suggestion is enough to fire the powder train and wake a blaze in the regions of wild surmise.

"All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias." What need for a painting here? An infinitesimal hint is enough for this rich-laden mind: not the portrait itself, the ghost of La Gioconda, but a mere engraving, a whispered description, the ghost of a ghost of a ghost of that unknown Florentine.

How many of us, under the spell of Pater's words, dream that the Oxford don passed his entire life in the old city on the Isis, venturing rarely into its island purlieus and never so much as a single time across the Sleeve to the lands his intuition so marvelously constructs? Never to have seen the city of Marius the Epicurean! Never to have walked the streets where Watteau, racking forth his life, passed by brief torchlight! Never to have stood upon the Fiesolan slope and caught again Mirandula's accents of divine philosophy!

Yet why the wonder? Can present Rome, present Paris, present Florence body forth the ancient capital of empire, the gay agonized metropolis of privilege, the ducal throne of passion and of knowledge? Were not the rows of dusty volumes beside his armchair far truer guides than Baedeker and a railroad ticket? The seeing eye is impotent in comparison with the dilated imagination.

Why need we marvel, then, that *Pater never saw the original of the picture he describes*? How could even the Monna Lisa—had Pater beheld it—have helped him in his flight from earth? Rather it would have weighted him, chained him down, imposed its imperious and oily reality upon his delicate vision of its purport. Far better the engraving which was before him as he wrote, the insignificant *primum mobile* which started that grand burst of rhetoric through its very insignificance. On that humble copy,

Pater looked with love,—and saw the enchanted siren in his mind. In the serene study at Brasenose, he raised the engraving to his lips,— and beheld in his soul's eye the vision of eternal woman. The clumsiness of the copy in seeking to reproduce by *lines* the world's suavest oils, its simplicity, lack of color, lack of mastery, were to Pater, whether he knew it or not, the greatest joy and the greatest boon, where Leonardo's original would have held him silent in depression and despair. For the great artist must *create*, and prostitutes his gift in the attempt to imitate or re-describe the works of even the greatest master. Homer was a seer, though blind. And Pater a poet, though he sat in a dusky study while an engraving before his eyes grew dim and blended with the darkness of the stars. He who can see, and record what he sees, is faithful, as a camera is faithful. But he who without the aid of eyes can conjure up a picture more memorable than reality, has been given the gifts of Olympus. The presence that thus so strangely rose beside the waters of the youthful Thames only adds, therefore, to Pater's glory.

To produce this vision, then, a mere dun copy of *La Gioconda* was enough. A copy of *La Gioconda*? Not even that. For he who reads with unimpassioned glance, and refuses to drink too deep of the intoxicating flow of language, will inevitably conclude that *Pater is not describing da Vinci's masterpiece at all, but a far different work*. As it stands, the description as applied to the Monna Lisa is inaccurate and absurd. That every reader does not immediately notice this, simply proves the power of Pater's words. "The presence that thus so strangely rose beside the waters . . ." Monna Lisa is far from the waters, in a country where distant streams struggle tortuously for existence through a parched landscape. "The rocks among which she sits . . ." She is sitting in a chair of the greatest luxury. "All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched . . ." Etched! Could any word be further from the truth in describing Leonardo's use of oils? Let us for a moment put aside preconceived ideas; let us resolutely call off our minds from the associations custom has built up between Pater's prose and Leonardo's lady; and let us see how this description, which may be accurate in spite of its poesy, fits another work to the finest detail.

What is this mysterious master-work which Walter Pater, with

a true artist's fervor and noble disregard for minor details, seized and devoured hungrily with his eyes as the starting point for his rhapsody on the woman of dreams and visions? The answer need not be sought in far speculations. Pater himself supplies the clue. "In suggestiveness," he says, speaking of the Monna Lisa, "only the Melancholia of Dürer is comparable to it." In the succeeding paragraph he continues to describe in pedestrian fashion the true *Gioconda*. But then, rapt to the seventh heaven of creative ardor, he seizes the wrong engraving in a fine frenzy, and contemplating Dürer's great work, *proceeds to describe in his deathless prose not Leonardo's Lady Lisa, but Albrecht Dürer's Melancholia*.

The evidence is unescapable. That art critics and lovers of literature have hitherto overlooked this indisputable identity is as strange as it is startling. "The presence that thus so strangely rose beside the waters . . ." Melancholia sits, not at a distance from starving rivers, but beside an entire sea! And "strangely rose"; Pater clearly refers here to Melancholy's ominous wings. Leonardo's good house-wife would have found it difficult to rise at all, and to rise *strangely*, impossible. "The rocks among which she sits . . ." Dürer's creation is sitting definitely against a chipped millstone, and one huge geometrical boulder, within reach of her hand, dominates the design. "All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched . . ." *Etched!* The exact, the inevitable word! What meticulous observation on Pater's part, what patient study of Dürer's craft, this one precise syllable connotes!

Or again: " . . . the eyelids are a little weary . . ."—far heavier-lidded Dürer than in the politely smirking Italian dame. "Strange thoughts and fantastic reveries . . ." Which, pray, is the strangest and most fantastic: Leonardo's cultivated, polished lady of the *beau monde*, or Dürer's imagined figure among her curious and grotesque implements, her magic squares, and glass, and balances, the horror of her sleeping hound, and her own regard that passes all thoughts? "Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed?" Aye! How *would* they be troubled by the medieval, foreboding, unfathomable Mel-

ancholia! But by La Gioconda? She herself was Aphrodite. "She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her." Never has a more accurate description been written of Melancholia's immemorable years, of the death that sleeps in her stern countenance, of the secrets that never shall pass forth beyond her shadowed lips.

There is no escape: Pater in his greatest paragraph on the *Monna Lisa* cannot possibly be describing Leonardo's work at all, and just as certainly is reproducing, with exactitude as well as poetry, the Melancholy of Albrecht Dürer.

Quid plura? This only: that art surpasses its originals; that art, what is more, creates in no known form, from no known pattern. The flare of this noble passage in no way resembles Leonardo's lady, and does not even entirely duplicate its inspiration, the Melancholia of Dürer. Rather, it stands apart, definitely creative, a third work of art. He who can build magic mansions will continue to build them, nor pause to view minutely each brick with which he builds. His mind is fixed higher; he can afford to let the little men wield the microscope, the little men with vision too confined to behold the majesty of his conceptions. The two races shall continue: the architect of the cloud-capped towers, and—(his satellites glowing like pale moons)—the specialists and authorities in the builder's raw materials. Poor men! born to pant in a rarefied atmosphere to suffer giddiness and blindness, to quarrel nervously among themselves as they seek on high mist-covered cliffs the sources of the Heliconian spring.

Forward, therefore, and may the critic amuse himself with incontrovertible proofs that Dürer, not da Vinci, is the fount of Pater's impassioned prose. Then, when he has marched up the hill, let a successor prove, with equal clanging home of sharp and clinging points, that Pater never saw the Melancholia of Dürer nor, possibly, any painting by any master whatsoever. And thus till the earth grow cold. For art is long, very long, but the tongue of the critic is longer.

by Robert Reid Lee

MOUNT WILLING

This once my feet are on my father's lands,
where the bare wind-blown stalk of cotton fills
the air with rustling, and but one oak stands,
of all their groves once spread upon these hills,

hills unknown to their race this generation,
where now a stranger reaps his scanty crop,
surrounded by the sun-scorched desolation
of clay fields washed away when the rains drop.

Upon the entrance road a pall of dust
lies, choking, yellow as the jaundiced dead.
The gate protests its opening, as the rust
ground from its hinges falls in flakes of red.

I see the welcoming columned galleries,
and the broad double doors to the long hall,
the smokeless deep throats of the six chimneys,
while on the roof the vulture shadows fall.

Against the wall the sagging shutters rattle,
wide open now, with nothing more to shield
from the lean sun that pours his scorching metal
into the farthest corners now revealed.

A gray barn built of shakes stands where there grew
flowers an adventurer brought, homely or wild,
from Mazatlan or Kent. Of all that blew,
not one poinsettia wakes to greet a child.

Arbor and orchard yield but shrunken fruit.
Untended save by rain and sun there grow
but heavy trunk and crowding leaf, as root
and branch stray from the planned and ordered row.

My feet return, knowing each forlorn acre
through the long memory of a buried race,
to where, constrained to bow before his Maker,
the proud old master of this well loved place,

with his pride conquered by his piety
said " 'Ashes be to ashes,' nothing saves
us this. 'Dust be to dust.' Beneath this tree
dig deep and broad: let no stone mark these graves."

He stooped each time they crossed a threshold, when
he led his old, blind lady to her chair,
and kissed her on the forehead, and again
performed the rite when they came out from there.

Across the tranquil sun the harsh wind blowing
drove ragged storms that stripped life of all joys.
Into the low calls of the yearly sowing
broke the high wailing of the bugle's voice.

The cannon and the sword never came near,
but flash and echo swept away the seed
of grain, and horse, and man. The falling year
brought rot for buildings, and for fields the weed.

Leaving their swords to rust upon the field
that shattered them, the warrior sons returned,
put by the musket and the gray to wield
the pick and hammer where the watch fires burned:

turned from adventurous days to years grown narrow,
put their unpractised hands to guide the plow,
harnessed their horses to the heavy harrow,
that bent the necks so long unused to bow.

Upon the battlefield a shot may take
life quickly, but hard war leaves harder peace
that stifles with stagnation. In its wake
rich fields lie fallow and the swift wheels cease.

God heard more dire curses from those who wrought
with tools than from who plied the sword or ram.
Their sons knew bitterer hate than they who fought
at Gettysburg, Atlanta, Antietam.

Now kindly earth takes to herself the battered
and sagging frame that time has overworn.
Broadcast the seed and horse and man are scattered
to sow new fields, but leave the old forlorn.

So a wanderer sees the ghosts, new raised,
of what he never knew inhabit still
their old resort; stares, wondering, amazed,
if they were ever real that crowd the hill.

The shadows in new conflict rise and pass
the shell of a world now gone, whose day was brief,
yet never was, for no day is, save as
the memory hews in sharp unreal relief.

The wind remonstrates and his breath grows colder
with evening, complains that weeds run rife;
yet he is glad that this world will not moulder
through after years, but fell in full of life.

A far deep whistle drowns the mourning pines;
a shaft of light makes window panes look dim.
On the creek bottom one last rich ray shines,
and then the sun slides down the valley's rim.

by the Editor

ASIDES AND SOLILOQUIES

FORTY years is no inconsiderable period for the life of a critical quarterly in this country. With some justifiable pride, therefore, we look forward to November, 1932, when the SEWANEE REVIEW will have completed four decades of existence.

For a long time, the SEWANEE REVIEW and *The South Atlantic Quarterly* (founded a decade later) were the only two university organs which attempted to mediate between the general reading public and university thought. The establishment of other university periodicals has progressively narrowed the scope of the SEWANEE REVIEW until it occupies a special area without attempting to imitate the others. As the veteran in the field, we have welcomed the appearance of the justly famed *Yale Review* and with even greater satisfaction (because of regional loyalties) that of *The Virginia Quarterly* and the *Southwest Review*. Their growth and development have, in a large measure, tended to make the editor of this Quarterly concentrate his attention more exclusively upon the ground covered by the SEWANEE REVIEW when it was founded in 1892.

Precisely what that area is may be discerned from some charts in a recent doctoral dissertation, "The Analysis of the Contents of the SEWANEE REVIEW from 1892 to 1930, with Historical Introduction" by Dr. Alice Lucille Turner (published by George Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville, Tennessee.) These charts will be published in the next (April-June 1932) issue of this REVIEW. Using Dr. Turner's data, Mr. Gorham Munson, the distinguished American critic, calls attention to two aspects of the REVIEW under the policy of the present editor: to make the SEWANEE REVIEW both a sectional and a national review with special attention to literary themes. In the course of his comment, Mr. Munson says: "A piece of self-criticism ought to be performed, and in that survey of the quarterly which I hope Dr. Knickerbocker will write next year, perhaps he will show us how sharply self-critical the SEWANEE REVIEW is, how far it has fallen short of the 'mental

dummy' a good editor makes of his magazine." To indulge in such a public display is not within this editor's intention, though he welcomes from the readers of this Quarterly the letters he has received and may receive concerning its contents.

Mr. Munson says something else which may require some present statement of policy. "I should like to add," he says, "that under its present editor, the SEWANEE REVIEW appears to be challenging a wider attention. It is less purely academic than a few years ago; without losing academic strength it has appealed more to general cultivated readers and has projected itself more directly into the battles of current American letters." Mr. Munson puts his finger precisely on the spot which most agitates the present editor of the SEWANEE REVIEW.

Although it was the intention of the first editor of this Quarterly to have it consist chiefly of material written by Southern writers, he found that his problem was increased by the failure of Southern authors to take advantage of the open pages of his REVIEW, and was therefore compelled to accept material from writers of other regions. From the very nature of the fact that the SEWANEE REVIEW was a university publication, it tended to attract contributors usually associated with colleges and universities, and in the course of time became a repository of valuable studies, chiefly historical and expository, written by scholarly authors. But, with the development of purely scholarly publications issued from various educational institutions, the need for devoting the pages of the SEWANEE REVIEW to these studies became less apparent; and under the scholarly and brilliant editorship of Dr. George Herbert Clarke this Quarterly revived the more definitely critical purpose of its founders. Cautiously, because of the confusion of the emerging American writers of the nineteen-twenties, Dr. Clarke published significant essays by English writers and relatively ignored the American contemporary scene. His indifference to the growth of reputation and prestige of naturalistic writers like Cabell, Anderson, Dreiser, and Sinclair Lewis is justified by subsequent events. If his indifference extended also to the nascent literary movements in the South, the reason probably is that these newer Southern authors marked so abrupt a change from the prevailing tone which was everywhere thought of as being peculiarly "Southern", that

their promise or achievement may not have been as evident then as now.

A new and difficult problem faced the present editor in 1926. Born and educated in New York City, having imbibed early in his youth some of the cosmopolitan interests which have always prevailed among the best minds of that City, he was suddenly called to edit an organ of international culture which had originally stemmed from Matthew Arnold's "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time". The periodical happened to be published in the South, on a sylvan plateau in Tennessee, the site of the first university in the United States modelled upon the old British universities—Oxford and Cambridge. From a specially regional point of view, the founders of this Quarterly had the intention of continuing the efforts of Benjamin H. Hill, Henry A. Grady, Joel Chandler Harris, Woodrow Wilson, and Walter Hines Page to achieve the restitution of amiable spiritual relationships between the South and the North—in other words, to make a spiritual and cultural effort towards reconstruction without, at the same time, repudiating the ideals and truths of the Old South. The Old South had taken its stand for refinement and culture; to this living tradition the SEWANEE REVIEW has continually adhered.

Fortunately, the present editor possessed no very strong feelings about either the North or the South. Himself a personal friend of the late Randolph Bourne, he had caught from Bourne not only the idea of a "usable past", but the more important idea of "transcontinental America",—of America as a congeries of cultural colonies, aware of themselves and of their own past. His technique of thinking, lacking the systematized philosophy which some find so useful, he derived in large part from the incremental residua of crucial situations in which he found himself, applying in each instance the intelligence which that particular nexus of experience called for and later reflecting critically upon it. Perhaps he had derived the notion from John Dewey but more likely he appropriated it from Mary Follette's little known book, *Creative Politics*. What he sought, as editor of a distinguished quarterly, was to exhibit the play of integration by open and frank discussion in the free arena of dissension. Not that dissension is of itself a value; but he knew that dissension is the outward and visible evidence

of a spiritual tension between minds, each as sincerely devoted to truth as the others, that had to be resolved in some way, preferably on the plane of intelligence.

Sometime in his reading he had been impressed with Newman's doctrine of the "economy", or the principle of deliberate disclosure of truth in accordance with the quality of receptiveness of those to whom it was addressed. Consequently, he believed that his readers were intelligent and would find in the incompleted arcs of his efforts the suggestion for the completed circles. The present editor is faithful to the traditions of the SEWANEE REVIEW but in bringing the magazine "closer to the front", as Mr. Munson announces, he is making the effort which the moment calls for. The time has arrived when the ideals for which the SEWANEE REVIEW has always stood—of decorum, of decency, of discipline—must be more pointedly brought to bear on the consciences of those who, now in the colleges and universities of the land, are the thinkers and writers of the youngest generation.

This issue celebrates the first number of the fortieth volume of this oldest American quarterly. It is therefore appropriate that it takes an inventory of the literary scene in America. Mr. DuBois's "Gog Magog Agog" reflects satirically the dissipation of the Humanist controversy in this country two years ago: it reveals what happens to ideas when they are bandied about by the young lions of the press. Mr. Grattan's survey of critical trends in America today is the most convenient guide to the groupings of the best known critics. Mr. Munson's "The Fledgeling Years" is a revealing confession of the confusion and aimless rebellion of the young men who left the colleges ten years ago to engage in the profession of letters.

Like Newman's *Apologia*, Mr. Munson's chapter of autobiography had its inception in an uncomplimentary public reference to its author. Its value lies not exclusively nor even primarily in its rejoinder to the assailant. While its tone is here and there retaliative, the retaliation is a necessary item in a larger intention: to indicate the débâcle of Mr. Munson's generation. The theme is stated by Mr. Munson thus: "Romantic offspring of a romantic generation, we were rebellious towards our elders but implicated more than we knew in the larger transoceanic move-

ments which had formed them . . . As a force, my generation is dissipated into reversions to the sociological brands of 1920, or into a kind of 'soldier's leave' cynicism, or into a refurbished dilettantism. At the moment, the dream that it would become a new force sweeping the American scene with fresh creation and fresh ideas lies shattered . . . "

It is seemly and appropriate for the SEWANEE REVIEW to publish Mr. Munson's essay, since he has groped his way towards the position which this Quarterly has consistently occupied for forty years. His essay, therefore, is a notable contribution to keep aloft the ensign of significant letters and of responsible authorship in this country. It reveals the extraordinary obtuseness of the young battlers of the 'twenties to take any account of the possibilities of the literary tradition as preserved in the colleges and universities of this country. They ignored the fact, which Mr. Grattan casually notices in a footnote of this issue, that every college professor is a critic—but more than that, that every college professor is a *responsible* critic who, while maintaining his liberty of expression, has renounced by his affiliation with the guild his right to do as he pleases. In the absence of a counterpart to the French Academy, the American academic world must serve as the substitute for those who seek responsibility and discipline; the guild of professors of literature (English, American, French, German, Spanish, Greek, and Latin to mention the most obvious) has a powerful tradition and a condition which, however conservative it may appear, is vital and vigorous. Nor is it as indifferent to "the literary front", as some of the young rebels may suppose. Its silence is more ominous than its occasional utterances.

Some of the young men of letters who belong to the generation of Messrs. Burke, Josephson, and Cowley, having themselves read in their formative days the essays which the exiles read (Stearns' *Civilization in the United States*, Frank's *Our America*, Van Wyck Brooks' *America's Coming of Age*, and Bourne's *History of a Literary Radical*) felt the same stirrings of discontent which moved the exiles to Paris. But, instead of taking ship for Europe, they became oblates to the academic discipline and have become known as men of letters under the limits and hazards of college professorships. One could well wish for chapters of a new "Literaria Bio-

graphia" from critics who are also college professors; from men like T. K. Whipple, P. H. Houston, Irwin Edman, Donald Davidson, John Crowe Ransom, Carey McWilliams, Austin Warren, Yvor Winters, Gilbert Mead, Granville Hicks, Newton Arvin, and Norman Foerster. They have been courageous in braving the contempt of their professional colleagues for their assault of the press through their published critical essays on emergent letters, and they have, on the other hand, endured the sneers of the freelances whose peculiar delight is to pour scorn on "academics". Unfortunately, the ethics of their profession as scholars restrain them from indulging in premature revelations of the growth of their minds as critics. Yet if this Quarterly could secure prose "Preludes" from men like these it would gladly publish them as the necessary documents to offset the effects of those who pranced all over the literary scene from 1920 to 1929, and are likely to mislead earnest and serious young people now *in statu pupillare*.

by Norman Macleod

BLUE DISASTER

It is not peace
when scarlet creepers run
across the blue incredulity
that marks one mountain
from another,
where time hangs down
a ledger
marked upon, unread
and dye distills its luminosity
into faint irradiance
of sound,
like the source of disaster,
an ague of blue commiseration
now black and gone
as memory.

by L. C. Hartley

THE GRAPH SAGS

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK. By Willa Cather. New York: Knopf. 1931. Pp. 280.

For many years the name of Mrs. Cather has been sufficient to give immediate significance to a novel. In fact, no American writer has produced works of more uniform excellence. But in spite of the uniform excellence of her achievement, it is not impossible to see in the graph of her genius some evidences of deflection. Her work of the last decade may serve as an illustration. In 1922 she won the Pulitzer Prize with *One of Ours*. *A Lost Lady*, published in the following year, reiterated her earlier claims for a place among the very greatest of American novelists. But *My Mortal Enemy* and *The Professor's House* cannot be accorded such high praise: the former promised more than it fulfilled; while in the latter the author came dangerously near spoiling a powerful character study by the rather clumsy interpolation of a lengthy narrative that at least one critic felt was more like a report of the Smithsonian Institute than part of a novel. Few doubted that *Death Comes for the Archbishop* was a superb product of her highest genius. But in her latest novel one is forced to feel that the graph again sags.

In spite of its evident shortcomings, *Shadows on the Rock* does not need the mere name of Mrs. Cather to make it an important novel. It is preëminently the work of an artist who has undoubted mastery over material, a sureness of touch, and the ability to write faultless prose. Its shortcomings are simply illustrative of the fact that greatness in a novel does not depend upon these factors alone, vital though they may be. In brief, *Shadows on the Rock* fails to reach the high level of *My Antonia*, *A Lost Lady*, and *Death Comes for the Archbishop* because it lacks the bone and sinew of great novels: plan and purpose.

One is no longer so naive as to demand plot of a novel. Long ago the modern realist labeled the narrative plan artificial and insisted that it be discarded by the enlightened for what has been called the natural rhythm of life. But if one may not ask for de-

velopment of action, one certainly may demand development of character. No amount of the secondary elements of fiction can compensate for the absence of both. Cécile Auclair, her apothecary father, the little waif, the rival bishops, Count Frontenac are all comparatively static figures in a tapestry of old Quebec. No one doubts the richness of the tapestry or the realism of the characters. As a matter of fact, the characters are so well drawn that they continually tease the reader into expectation of some kind of action, some significant emotional crisis, some clash of wills; but the reader is consistently disappointed. The author seems too much concerned with her background and too insistent that the tempo of her novel be that of the life she is portraying to develop the inherent dramatic possibilities of the characters.

That Mrs. Cather has captured the tone of the life in Quebec in the last days of Count Frontenac is everywhere evident. Her scholarship is as perfect as her style is pure, and she has the happy faculty of being as completely at home in an historic setting as she is in her native Middle West. But she does not give the setting significance by making it more than a background for her characters; nor has she a theme strong enough to give it permanence in the mind of the reader. One does not feel of Mrs. Cather's Quebec as one feels of her Nebraska or her New Mexico, that it is instinct with life and drama. The book, therefore, falls into the category of those novels whose flavor one may get by dipping into them, being none too careful to read until the last word has been reached. Such a condition is unfortunate and argues irrefutably against the greatness of the novel as a whole. A historian may allow us to live a year in old Quebec. A novelist must do something more. He must not only recreate life; he must also give it meaning. One may, therefore, find cause to regret that Mrs. Cather has sacrificed movement and meaning for authenticity and realism, that she has chosen to make her latest novel the product of a finished art rather than that of a less perfect and more human one.

by William S. Knickerbocker

SQUIRE ALLWORTHY'S FOUNDLING

LITERARY CRITICISM IN AMERICA. By George E. DeMille. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. Pp. 288. 1931.

As a "preliminary survey" of Literary Criticism in America, Mr. DeMille's book is not unreadable. On the contrary, it has enough of the Tom-and-Jerry sporty air about it to make fairly racy entertainment out of a somewhat dull subject. The author in his "Foreword" admits that he was chiefly inspired by a desire to amuse himself; and he has succeeded in amusing intelligent readers. The more solemn sort have been provoked by Mr. DeMille's cavalier confession and his even gayer effects. The ponderosity which they love themselves—the over-concern with their own pursuits of metacriticism—is altogether absent. New-Humanists simply couldn't endure the book because it reveals, in spite of its jaunty manner, an engagement with historical fact in the radiance of which new-Humanism shrinks and shrivels.

In ten chapters, including an Epilogue, Mr. DeMille breezily outlines the main aspects of his subject, beginning with a chapter on The North American Review, and continuing (*seriatim*) with Lowell, Poe, Emerson and Margaret Fuller, Stedman, Henry James, Howells, Huneker, and Sherman. The pomposity of the pedagogue is utterly absent and the demon of the demagogue is utterly annihilated in the matter no less than in the manner of this book. With graceful insouciance, the author distinguishes clearly between trees and woods and urbanely talks like a civilized gentleman. His assurance may irritate some of those who have other notions; but that assurance is too obviously the blithe consequence of a diligence in research.

On the fly-leaf of this debonair *causerie* is an acknowledgement of indebtedness to three American scholars, one of whom at least warrants the reverence due to authority: Jay B. Hubbell, "whose sound judgment and thorough scholarship has so often kept me," confesses Mr. DeMille, "from wandering astray". Better patronage and guidance could hardly be found than in the editor of

American Literature. This Reviewer found himself embarrassed by the ambiguous compliment paid him, "whose fertile suggestiveness first conceived the idea of this book". Squire Allworthy had a not dissimilar sense of scandal when he found the infant Tom Jones left on his doorstep one morning. No enviable fertility could have been necessary to suggest the idea of a discussion of Literary Criticism in America. Perhaps the highest praise this Reviewer, therefore, can pay the book is to announce gravely that he found none of his own opinions there, that he was held spell-bound by the treatise's novelty and dash; and that for the most part he found it so fertilely suggestive that he would like to write a tome on the same subject proving Mr. DeMille wrong on almost every count, so far as emphasis is concerned.

The summary treatment of the hoary North American Review is wholly unsatisfactory because it misses the peculiarly parochial character of its contents and over-emphasizes its importance. The N. A. was peculiarly provincial and had no visible effect outside of Massachusetts. Today its pages are completely unreadable except with great effort, girded and sustained by historical voracity. Its chief historical importance lies in the occasion it provided in stimulating Southern imitations which were consciously antagonistic and characteristically pugnacious, as a concrete evidence of regional patriotism. To have given this strong emphasis to the North American Review and to have ignored the much more effective influence of *The Nation*, from the time of its first editor to at least that of Mr. Paul Elmer More, makes the book ridiculously lop-sided. But even more preposterous was the omission of the effects of that criticism which emanated from the energies of great editors like Richard Watson Gilder and Walter Hines Page. *The Century Magazine* under Gilder, *The Atlantic Monthly* under Page, and *Harper's* during the eighties and nineties certainly deserved some notice, however casual and gay, if so much space were given to *The North American*.

While the chapter on Lowell is adequate, that on Poe is absurd. The author stresses Poe's genius as a critic when he was in most of his critical essays merely the hack journalist. Poe's vicious tendency to metacriticism in his more ambitious essays lies at the root of most of the pathological, morbid, and agonizing efforts of

metacritics of today—mostly of the younger sort—who vainly aspire to go beyond the beyond in some utterly contemporary "Eureka". The Stedman chapter maliciously disposes of that suave and fecundating defender of the "genteel"—which this reviewer does not regret—but the chapters on Henry James and Howells are too sketchy, too suggestively aerial, to be enduringly satisfactory. The essay on Stuart P. Sherman (which, like the chapter on *The North American Review*, first appeared in the pages of this Quarterly, in a somewhat earlier form) is slightly overpuffed; while the essay on Huneker (who is apparently Mr. DeMille's *beau ideal*) is chiefly interesting because it discloses the center of the author's frame of reference.

The book is an arresting document of dissent from received, conventional notions of the chief nodes in American criticism. After all, it is only a "preliminary survey", but—defective as it is in many respects which the Reviewer prefers not to mention—it is refreshing in breaking up the liturgy which makes for indifference. It establishes Mr. DeMille's claim to attention if he should ever have the further courage—or should one say *audacity*?—to submit his comments on living critics, if he can ever get them into as convenient—and doubtless as arbitrary—postures as he has caught those critics who have been.

by Louis E. Wise

GENIUS OR FLASH?

SAVAGE MESSIAH. By H. S. Ede. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931.

In a narrative rich in sympathy and understanding, which holds in its web the remarkable letters of an adolescent artist, Mr. Ede unfolds the tragedy of the French sculptor, Henri Gaudier, and the Polish writer, Sophie Brzeska. When these two queer beings met in 1910, and when they formed their platonic friendship, Henri was 19, and Sophie was 39. The boy's sensitiveness to

beauty, his keen zest for life, his rebellions and his loyalties captured the imagination of this shattered woman whose mind then hovered on the edge of sanity, and who hitherto had always been exploited or despised by those whom she held dear. Henri was an erratic child on whom Miss Brzeska could lavish all her affection—a child gentle and cruel in turn, which developed rapidly under her strange influence.

These two creatures loved each other deeply and craved each other's companionship whenever they lived apart. They harassed and wounded each other incessantly whenever they lived together in the squalor and poverty of London. Sophie accomplished nothing of importance in her field. She acted as Henri's sister, mother, cook and banker. She never became his mistress, much as he desired her, and this relentless unsatisfied passion drove Gaudier savagely to work. His other friendships were often marred or ruptured through Sophie's hypersensitiveness and irrational behavior.

Henri's letters, which form the body of Mr. Ede's book, are often written in haste or at white heat to his Sophie or to his old friend, Dr. Uhlemayr of Nuremberg. In nearly all of them he rises superbly above the frightened physical conditions under which he lived. Many of his letters are strangely beautiful and reveal the gradual ripening of a keen and critical mind, and of a soul responsive to beauty in all its forms. The audacity and naïve assurance of other letters clearly show the youth of the writer. Praxiteles and Scopas are branded "vulgar hewers of marble", creators of "well-oiled corpses" without vibrating life force. Phidias, Polykletus, and Lysippus are treated less shabbily, but, in general, the Greeks are anathema. Michaelangelo is a great figure. Rodin is a god. However, it is evident that Gaudier often shifted his position on art. He was highly inconsistent and sometimes repudiated statements that he had made months before.

Much of Gaudier's work was Rodinesque—but shortly before his death, with the development of his megalomania, the young artist was sure that, at times, Rodin had been surpassed. It is difficult to know whether or not Henri Gaudier, had he lived, would have been rated a genius or merely a flash in the pan. His drawings are extremely interesting, and his sculpture, although often hastily executed, has been taken quite seriously by the

critics. Henri himself was always sure of his place in the sun. For him the London tragedy ended in 1914, when he was killed in action. Poor Sophie Brzeska lived after him, "a strange, gaunt woman with short hair—no hat", pacing the streets of London, mourning the loss of her "little son".

by Austin Warren

SALVATION BY FLIGHT?

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS AMERICAN. By Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.00.

Mr. Josephson's book appears to have begun as an answer to Van Wyck Brooks' *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*. Brooks finds only futility and frustration in the expatriate: he who quits his native soil dooms himself (wanting time for saturation in the new life) to absorption in the sterilely aesthetic. To this thesis Brooks sacrifices those masterpieces of the later James, *The Ambassadors*, *The Wings of the Dove*, *The Golden Bowl*, those "exquisite pleadings for humanism, for sensitiveness almost as an end in life", as Josephson calls them. Josephson begins by agreeing neither with thesis nor application: "we assume, on the contrary, that the later work of Henry James must be placed among the finest literature of his time and signalizes him as the greatest American novelist [an auspicious judgment] then his expatriation seems a very successful adventure." The magnitude of the later James is attested by his influence over Joyce, Mrs. Woolf, T. S. Eliot, Proust.

The *Portrait of an Artist as American* is really a portrait of the post-bellum nineteenth century exile, with inset miniatures of such stay-at-homes as Howells, Whitman, Melville, Bierce, Emily Dickinson. For Josephson, the expatriate American is best represented by Henry James—best represented, that is, not only because James is typical, but because he is magnificent. The development of James is beautifully delineated in a book which must hereafter be read along with *The Pilgrimage* and *Notes of a Son and Brother*.

By graceful transitions, we are led also to contemplate the careers of such older and younger contemporaries of James as W. W. Story, Lafcadio Hearn, Stephen Crane.

Mention has been made of Josephson's thesis. About it there rightly exists some doubt. James is to be vindicated against Brooks by painting the dire straits of the artist in the Industrial Age, by acclaiming the genius of the expatriates. The "Introduction" takes an ominous tone as it characterizes the "Machine Age" and the dilemma of the artist, viewed as summarizing "all those who have been detached from the spirit of immediate gain, all who have had the sense of being disinterested—all the prophets, historians, philosophers, pure scientists who have served men so well by their frequent flights from the so-called Practical Realities." The moral of it all seems, Flee, as you would save your soul.

But the valedictory "Excursion" takes a strangely contradictory view of the subject. Josephson, himself returned from expatriation, surveys Pound, Stein, Eliot and their disciples critically, satirically; is far from holding up to our provincial admiration those "solitary or nervous groups, spinning like fretful midges between two worlds . . . those forlorn wanderers, those fugitives, those exiles." These artists (e.g., Pound, Eliot) have fled not only from the American scene with its variety of practical difficulties, but also from the American subject, with its vast territory for exploration,—indeed from the contemporary subject. And they have not really escaped after all, for 'Americanization' now threatens the world and "no serious tourist who now retraces the journeys of his youth, or even of a few years previous, but gathers in an abiding sense of the threatened failure of old Europe as a last resort of leisure, individualism, personal freedom—as a place of escape."

Was expatriation justifiable in the nineteenth century, but is so no longer? Or does Josephson mean to say that though still justifiable, it is now (for the reason just given) impossible? The whole discussion seems confused.

Josephson ends with a gospel of hope and good cheer for the future. Why we are warranted, in the face of the sad story he has so brilliantly told us of the nineteenth century American and his fate, in supposing that the future has a happier destiny in store

is difficult to see. Perhaps he hopes to arouse the artist to command the situation instead of escaping it; but if Hawthorne, Melville, James were incapable of it, what reason to suppose more vigor today?

But we honor Josephson's optimism, the philosophy of the "Excursion", however excursive it seem from the highroad of the book. This philosophy Josephson calls Humanism. He does not develop his doctrine in enough detail for us to judge whether his humanism is of the school of Babbitt and Foerster, or of Santayana, or of Walter Lippman, (it is clearly not the humanism of John Dewey); but he does foresee, in sequence to the present troubled age, a "growth of Humanism, with its system of discipline, proportions, intellectual perfection"

The machine may become the servant of man instead of his master; 'modern improvements' may cease to deteriorate the unimproved manipulators of them; the automobile and the radio may eventually become means instead of ends. "One never stares at some hideous device of modernity without perceiving that the same energy could have made it lovely."

This book, ambiguous as its doctrine undeniably is, ranks its writer with Van Wyck Brooks and Lewis Mumford (with those politico-economic theory he announces himself [xix] to differ) and Edmund Wilson, the most distinguished of the younger American critics.

by Gay W. Allen

HUMOR IN AMERICA

AMERICAN HUMOR. A Study of the National Character. By Constance Rourke. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1931. Pp. 324.

Miss Rourke's study, a history of American humor from the latter part of the eighteenth century to the present, combines successfully scholarly research with a lively style of writing which reminds one of Bradford or Maurois at his best. In fact, the history starts off very much like a modern biographical novel, but develops gradually and with perfect transition into a thesis.

The first hundred and thirty-seven pages trace the rise of the Yankee cult in the East, the Backwoodsman in the West, and the "long tail'd blue" tradition in the South. The trinity of American mythology reveals the fundamental characteristics of the native humor—both folk and professional—: an innate love for masquerade; a perverted self-consciousness; story-telling by means of a monologue which borders on soliloquy; a prepossession for the homely and 'natural'; and an obsession for size, strength, scale, power (cf. the "tall tale").

In chapter five, "The Comic Poet",¹ Miss Rourke definitely reveals her thesis: the remainder of the book is given over mainly to the identification of American comic traditions in Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Poe, Melville, Hawthorne, Howells, Mark Twain, Henry James, Emily Dickinson, Frost, and Edwin Arlington Robinson. "Hitch your wagon to a star" is found, for example, to be Western hyperbole; the patterns of Poe's tales are "those of a native story-teller"; Walt Whitman's obsession with power and size, his comic boasting, and his monologue or rhapsody without analysis or introspection are Western and Yankee. Emily Dickinson is identified with the comic tradition because, along with other native traits such as improvisation, "Her poetry was indwelling in a final sense; she used that deeply interior speech which is soliloquy." Miss Rourke's usual formula is to identify: (1) understated comedy, (2) objective portrayal of character, (3) the homely tradition of monologue verging upon soliloquy but without analysis or introspection.

American Humor is in many ways a study of profound value. It would be if it did nothing except call attention to the importance of native influences on our writers, often overlooked, especially in the criticism on Poe. But many of the characteristics which Miss Rourke identifies as American comic traditions may just as accurately be attributed to foreign sources. For example, reverence for the homely and 'natural' is merely a phase of European romanticism; the monologue bordering on soliloquy is found in the Bible, among other places; and since it is usually admitted that practically all the Kentucky ballads are simply paraphrases

¹Miss Rourke quotes (p. 155 ff.) several of Meredith's theories on comedy and attempts to refute them by her own observations on American humor, ignoring the fact that Meredith's use of the word 'comedy' in *The Egoist* is with a special connotation, without reference to 'humor' in the ordinary sense.

and adaptations of the original three hundred and six English and Scottish ballads, is it not likely that most of our folk legends have been transported and transmuted from Europe?

But this doubtful side of Miss Rourke's thesis should not be over emphasized, for her book is fully as original, reliable, and stimulating an interpretation of our national character as Professor Parrington's *Main Currents of American Thought*, which has won wide fame among the same class of people who will be interested in *American Humor*.

Miss Rourke's study is unincumbered with the usual scholarly paraphernalia, but has, instead, an excellent section of bibliographical notes at the back of the book. The work is also equipped with an index.

GAY W. ALLEN.

A TRAGEDY OF "JUSTICE"

by *David Driscoll*

THE SACCO-VANZETTI CASE. Osmond K. Fraenkel. American Trial Series. Editor, Samuel Klaus. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 550 pp.

Recently the firm of Henry Holt published the entire court record of the Sacco-Vanzetti case in six fat volumes. This can only be taken as indicative of the earnestness among the legal profession to learn "the truth, the whole truth," about that world famous affair. Among laymen, with all the good will in the world, there are but few of us who can examine such a work with the thoroughness it merits. Mr. Fraenkel's volume, therefore, (no small labor in itself) will serve a most useful purpose in bridging the gap between mere newspaper-fed curiosity and the most detailed knowledge of the case available.

The author has performed his task with intelligence and tact. After a sober summary of the background of the case, in which the public mood of the time is illustrated by quotations from the comments and headlines of the daily press, the main facts of the crime, the arrest, the trial, and the subsequent efforts of the de-

fense to obtain a new trial are presented. Impartial as this summary is, Mr. Fraenkel is evidently not unaware of the drama and despair which the event involved: he has recreated vividly the atmosphere of those days of 1921 and 1927 when the defendants were fighting for their lives. The remainder of the book is devoted to the actual record of the trial, the appeals, and the proceedings before the Lowell Committee and Governor Fuller.

Five main issues seem to have been involved in the conviction of the defendants: (1) were they the men seen at the shooting of the paymaster and his guard in South Braintree? (2) were the pistols found on the men at the time of their arrest the weapons which had discharged the fatal bullets? (3) was the cap found at the scene of the murder Sacco's? (4) when the defendants were arrested, did their behavior warrant the assumption that they were conscious of the guilt of the South Braintree murder, or were they merely conscious of their danger as anarchist radicals? (5) were the alibis of the defendants good? Each of these points is covered in the present volume by large extracts from the court record and each is followed by Mr. Fraenkel's summary in which he weighs, on the basis of the testimony, the reasons for and against conviction. There are also included a section on the alleged prejudice of Judge Thayer, and one on the confession of the crime by the convict Madeiros. We cannot refrain from noting that each summary throws grave doubt on the justice of the verdict and of the later approval of that verdict by both Governor Fuller and the Lowell Committee on the evidence presented.

We have not yet, however, done justice to the impression made upon the mind by such a book as this. The Sacco-Vanzetti case will be remembered; by the radical with hate, because to him these men were sacrificed on the altar of class struggle, by the liberal with doubt and repugnance, associating it as he does with the attack on civil liberties in 1919-21, and by the conservative with pride as a vindication of American justice. But there is another reason.

Rarely does the routine procedure of court trial impinge strongly on the layman's mind; he reads of results, but the process escapes him because the records are not easily obtainable, and, when they are, the technical jargon which surrounds them, repels him. Two

or three times in a century public emotion breaks into the sanctuary of legal procedure (we recall the Dreyfus case) and the mind is appalled and fascinated by what it finds. Is this then the machinery by which human beings are sent to their doom? Is it possible that by this hum-drum business of witnesses and examinations, and the balloting of a dozen men that truth can be discerned? From what esoteric store of knowledge are these lawyers supplied with their eternal "I object", "I take an exception", "will the witness answer the question"? And yet, there is fascination, too. Here is a net fashioned through centuries of care, which can, at command, be lowered into the sea of human existence, and what a strange, chaotic burden it brings to the surface! Through this routine human character stands out, human motives are laid bare, human emotions surge. Here is pity, hate, and love, confidence, deceit, intelligence, and stupidity, idealism and cynicism—all that we think of when we say "human life"—here it is. No wonder that when we are given the opportunity to review all this do we remember it. It is difficult to rid oneself of the impression that a murder trial such as this one is more absorbing than any novel or play that ever could be written.

by Edgar Legare Pennington

SOMETHING OF THE FIESTA

MEXICO. A STUDY OF TWO AMERICAS. By Stuart Chase, in collaboration with Marian Tyler. Illustrated by Diego Rivera. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. (pp. vii, 338).

This is a very interesting book, written in Mr. Chase's delightful style and with his characteristic ability to peer beneath the surface. In the backward, native Mexico, so often contrasted with her material-minded next-door neighbor at the north, the author sees at worst a frustrated civilization, impeded by alien encroachments, and at best the normal course of a colorful people who have something to teach the outside world. The much vaunted Diaz regime, with its infiltration of modern ways, steam, foreign money, and

exploitation, he considers the extreme of popular degradation. Diaz, he says, was an excellent administrator; but he came near spoiling the peculiar genius of Mexico. "He made the country safe both for foreign bankers and for tourists. He had a programme for Mexico and I think he was sincere in putting it into effect. But it was the wrong kind of programme. He tried to Westernize Mexico, to introduce the machine and industrialism. To this end, he gave foreign concessionaires every encouragement, and the Indian population—who went to work for the aliens—every discouragement. The peon was driven to a point below that ever witnessed in the Spanish regime. He was stripped of his communal lands; stripped of his human dignity. The proof of the unsoundness of the Diaz regime lies in the completeness of its collapse. Nothing enduring had been built into the national fabric. A few whiffs of gunpowder, a few speeches about land and justice, and programme and system liquidated like a cracked egg."

Since Mr. Dwight Morrow held such a prominent place in the eyes of the reading public today, one naturally asks what Mr. Chase thinks of him and his influence in Mexico. So far as our former ambassador is concerned, the author has profound admiration. Mr. Morrow was expected to prove the tool of predatory American oil and mining interests, in furthering the process of taking the last lingering rights and holdings from the helpless natives. He proved to be a bitter disappointment to the commercial interests, since he gave more consideration to the viewpoint of Mexico than to their own particular grievances—their mines, haciendas, franchises, and oil-well projects. The greedy corporations which had been trying by press propaganda and by appeals to religious prejudice to create a public opinion against our southern sister, and who had been roaring for armed intervention, were astonished when Mr. Morrow insisted that Mexico was for Mexicans and not a happy hunting ground for Yankee dollars.

Mr. Chase admits that he himself would not care to spend the rest of his life in Mexico; he realizes the inconveniences there, the unsatisfactory climate, the unattractiveness of much that he has found; but all through the volume he reminds us that a people who differ from us in many basic respects may, strange to say, have much to commend them. Indeed, they are capable of finding

a beauty and dignity which we may neither conceive nor purchase. Instead of a wretched, ignorant vagrant, the Mexican of these pages looms before us as a man of rare charm, courtesy, dignity, discernment, and taste. There is much that Mexico must learn and much that she must alter; but she must acquire her progress gradually. She must work out her own salvation, and not "develop" by having all sorts of unfamiliar ideas and contrivances forced down her unwilling throat.

Mexicans should learn, for instance, that land, bare land, without knowledge, seeds, water, or fertilizer to cultivate it, avails them nothing; that land is to use, not to own. They should support their rural schools, send their sons to schools of agriculture, learn to read, and get acquainted with the crops and best harvests for their valleys. When they are sick, they should ask help of the school-teacher instead of the herb-doctor. They should by no means abandon their excellent handicrafts for the imported gadgets of the tourists. "You have in your possession," he tells the villagers, "something precious, something which the western world has lost and flounders miserably trying to regain. Hold to it . . . You must not move until you can be shown, by the most specific and concrete examples, that industrialism and the machine can provide a safer, happier, more rewarding existence."

From Mexicans our own people might learn much that would make us more contented. It is almost time, we are told, that we recovered from infantilism in our habits of recreation, our tinkering with mechanical toys, and get back to genuine enjoyment with something of the fiesta spirit in it. We would have more fun if we developed handicrafts, first as hobbies for the hours outside the mills and office. "And why," the author asks us, "do you hustle around so fast, as though a hornet were forever behind your ear? Do you arrive anywhere with all this scrambling? Have to time to live as you gulp your coffee and rush to the station, or to the garage, and back again? Mexico takes no back-talk from clocks. It is an art which you too some day must learn; for it is the art of living."

by *C. B. Wilmer*

SCIENCE AND GOD

HAS SCIENCE DISCOVERED GOD? A Symposium of Modern Scientific Opinion, Gathered and Edited by Edward H. Cotton. pp. lviii, 308. \$3.50. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. New York.

This is a tremendously interesting and important volume, in spite of its misleading title, for which the contributors are not responsible; in spite of the "Jacket" claim that "the volume attempts to show that science is discovering a God far grander and more convincing than any conceived of heretofore," and in spite of the prejudiced and Pollyanna introduction by the Rev. Edward H. Cotton, "Clergyman, Author, and Lecturer".

Of the sixteen authors represented in this symposium, nine wrote expressly for this volume; the others contributed through their books which are quoted with the permission of the publishers; the whole being fairly comprehensive, including one geologist, four astronomers, two biologists, one psychologist, one philosopher, one physicist, one professor of electro-mechanics, and (without attempting to classify them) John Langdon-Davies, Einstein, Sir Oliver Lodge, and J. Malcolm Bird, who writes on "Psychical Research, Science and Religion". Of these, Eddington, Jeans and Einstein will perhaps attract the most attention.

There is extraordinary harmony, if not actual agreement, between the several writers, each occupying his own point of view; so much so that we must reckon these papers among the "signs of the times".

The scientist has been compelled to philosophize. That is perhaps the outstanding fact; and paraphrasing Doctor Johnson's remark about the bear dancing, we may say that the fact of the physicist's philosophizing is of more significance than whether he does it well or not; though one may go further and say that these men do it well.

As regards religion, they recognize it as part of human experience, are frank to confess that science itself owes much to religion as having been an inspiration to science. But they go even further and find in their science implications of religion.

Of course they do not claim that science has "discovered God".

Science is not even seeking God, with all due respect to Langdon-Davies and to Professor Mather, author of "Science in Search of God". Science may at the most be said to be seeking reality, of a certain sort, and by a certain method. What it does is to discover one side of existence, or reality, what this reviewer would like to distinguish by "actuality," leaving the word "Reality" for the invisible and spiritual, to be apprehended by mysticism.

But what is new in the situation is, first, that science has been brought to see that "both science and religion assume the existence of the transcendental and unknowable"; second, that science feels its own limitations; third, that science recognizes the right of the philosopher and the "religionist" to hold to beliefs and working hypotheses in the realm of spirit, which it is doing all the time itself in its own field. Does science go further than this and bring positive support to religion described as involving two factors: Higher Power or Mind over and above the material universe, and personal effort to put one's self in tune therewith? According to Prof. Curtis, astronomer, "the most wonderful phenomenon of one's experience in this supremely wonderful universe is mind and personality, directing, controlling, creating. Even the evidences of purpose or end and gradual development in this universe are not more astonishing. No theory of this cosmos can be adequate which does not give some theory or hypothesis for the occurrence of these two remarkable factors. I personally can conceive no hypothesis which seems so simple and satisfactory, so adequate, so in accord with existing methods of scientific inference, as those conclusions which we commonly term religion".

Personally, this reviewer is disposed to believe that what has happened is not that science has justified religious faith, so much as that modern science has, as one writer puts it, "provided the fertile soil for an intelligent religion that can give . . . some meaning to existence in an all but infinite scheme" (Harlan T. Stetson).

Science has developed a state of mind no longer hostile to religion; and with the recognition of the fact that science itself has its roots in religion, comes the recognition of the claims of philosophy and theology, pointing the way to a complete manhood and social state, material, intellectual, and spiritual.

The thinking of some of these writers would have been clearer if they had distinguished more sharply between science, philosophy,

and religion; and especially between theology and religion, the latter being spiritual experience.

Nor is there ground for claiming that science has given us any grander conception of God, so long as we remember "God is Spirit" and "God is love", except in the scale on which and some of the laws through which God works. The editor, in disparaging older conceptions of Deity, is certainly in error, if he means to include the Bible when he says: "Religion for the most part has been seeking and describing God of three dimensions, a being to conform to its early notions of time, space and measurement".

On the whole this book must be re-assuring to the layman not able to follow arguments on "science and religion"; and it ought to be helpful to those theologians and preachers who wish to know the "fertile soil", the mental attitude of spiritually minded scientific men hungry for a reasonable religion.

by Charles L. Wells

JESUS

PORTRAIT OF A CARPENTER. By Winifred Kirkland. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1931. pp. 249.

In subject, in matter and in style this is a remarkable book.

Judged by religious literature, and psychological standards, it is a successful attempt to portray the life and experience of Jesus during his early life as "the carpenter of Nazareth". It does not repeat what we are told about him in the Gospels, but it fills those hidden years of silence with his growing personality and consciousness of his divine mission preparing for and leading up to the Jesus of the Gospel. The attempt has been made before but never so impressively and so satisfactorily, we venture to say. It is based on a profound study of the period, the environment and the conditions amid which he lived and became the Jesus of the Gospels. It is full of illuminating and suggestive interpretations of the personality of Jesus. It is in very truth a portrait, and not a photograph, painted in life-like lines and colors by a sincere artist, justifying the author's own words: "For years the character of Jesus of Nazareth has become for me the most absorbing of all

studies". This was shown also in her previous book, "The Great Conjecture", the echoes of which are sounding in our ears. The picture of Joseph in his fatherly relation to the boy Jesus is a most beautiful and sympathetic description of a father's love and guiding care for his son, and shows a true understanding of a real father's heart. The chapter, "His Father's House", is one of the finest in this book, full as it is of such fine chapters. "While Joseph lived there was always one person who understood Jesus"; and we can not help think that it was through him that Jesus grew into the understanding of "Father", his constant name of God.

Here is the Key to the book: "The only way we can understand Jesus—in these early years—is by inference from the words and personal characteristics of the mature Jesus". The reverse is also true, we can better understand the man by reflecting upon what he must have done as a child. This the author makes possible for us. She is one of those of whom men "took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus".

The book should be read by every parent and teacher, and especially by every boy and young man who cares for the high ideals and seeks the best inspiration for his life.

With deep insight and in clear beautiful, melodious English, the author portrays Jesus in all his perfect humanness and power, with a charm to make us wish, more than we have ever wished before, to be like Him.

STYLE FOR SCIENTISTS

by Carroll Lane Fenton

STUDIES IN THE LITERATURE OF NATURAL SCIENCE. By Julian M. Drachman. The Macmillan Company, 1930. x 487 pp. \$4.00.

The title of this book is not, as one physicist recently suggested, a clever paradox. Mr. Drachman is not one of those who hold, with Samuel Johnson, that "No man ever read a book of science from pure inclination"; nor is he among those who willingly use the term "scientific literature" to include everything in the field of

science which has found its way into print. Admitting that the usage is too firmly established to be uprooted, he still believes it to be on a par with the one which applies the term literature to such ephemeral contributions as the circulars of bond houses or the tours booklets of a railway company. Scientific literature all that is in print may have to be; but a very small part of it may be admitted to the rank of literature of science.

But what is literature? Unless I have grossly misread the critical essays of authors ranging from Ruskin to Cabell, the writers of it themselves do not know. How, then, shall we state what is or is not literature in the field of science? Mr. Drachman wrestles with the problem earnestly, but he does not solve it. Literature, he tells us, is the "product of an art" which allows "frequent incursions of realized experience" and involves clear, competent, convincing writing. Perhaps no better criteria can be formulated for literature as a whole. Certainly they seem reasonably applicable to the widely varied array of books, essays, and articles which appear annually in the field of science.

For his inquiry, Mr. Drachman selects the natural (especially the geological and biological) sciences of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. He shows that Lyell, Cuvier, Lamarck, Owen, and many savants were competent and in some cases, exceptional writers. In so doing, he proves what any scientist would have foretold: that a study of the literature of science is almost sure to become a history of ideas rather than an examination of methods, and of achievement. There are chapters in Mr. Drachman's book which might be mistaken for portions of a history of uniformitarianism, or of organic evolution. There is an abundance of biography, for instance which might contribute materially to such a study, but has no direct bearing upon the literary values of text books and monographs.

Inevitably, there are certain sections which seem conspicuously good and others with which one must disagree. The treatment of Hugh Miller, quarryman, "poet at heart" and theologian, is fine and convincing—and I make this statement in spite of a strong dislike for *The Old Red Sandstone*. Tyndall also fares well, as do Spencer and Huxley; the discussion of Buffon is more fair than the average, even though it does present the famous *Discourse on*

Style as a serious statement of literary belief. Such an assumption is not in keeping with Buffon's own methods of writing, and disguises the essential strategy and humor of his *Histoire Naturelle*. Lamarck is treated with kindness which still does not prevent criticism of the faculty reasoning and dogmatic statements which mar the *Philosophie Zoologique*. Doubtless, only a zoologist could deal more successfully with these defects in the book.

With the estimate of Darwin's writing, however, one may disagree most emphatically. Beyond doubt, the author of *The Origin of Species* was a better writer than he would admit, and a survey of English literature which omits that the book is sadly incomplete. But when Drachman turns Darwin's localisms and errors of grammar into "lapses, punishable in a freshman's theme, [which] may actually be an advantage in these works", one must protest. Darwin's writing is sufficiently rich in its traces of personality that it needs no coloring of error to make it convincing in the literary sense. All these "lapses" show is that the author of the *Origin* was right when he said that he sometimes wrote "wretchedly", and could not correct all errors, no matter how earnestly he revised manuscripts.

When one has read Mr. Drachman's book, he feels that in spite of their undeniable literary significance, the works of Darwin have been given prominence to which their merit as writings alone does not entitle them. Doubtless the volume is one that no actively practising scientist would have time to write, yet had such scientists aided in its preparation, the range and balance of the treatment undoubtedly would have been improved. There are passages in purely technical books, such as Child's *Senescence and Rejuvenescence*, or the reports on geology of Wisconsin, by Chamberlin, (not Chamberlain, as Mr. Drachman spells the name) which deserve quotation even more than do some of the selections chosen in their stead. And any survey of nature literature which omits the colorful, even though egocentric, writings of Seton is obviously incomplete.

Yet one cannot ask perfection from a book which is the first study of scientific literature, as literature, that can be found in English. If scientists are dissatisfied with Mr. Drachman's decisions, it is for them to do, or to assist the doing of a more satis-

factory work. *Studies in the Literature of Natural Science* by no means exhausts the field; science might profit greatly if someone were to devote serious attention to the writers whom Mr. Drachman is forced to ignore, and the even more pressing question of why much scientific writing is grossly defective in style, in clarity, in grammar and even in spelling. One cannot ask every Ph.D. to be a master of letters; but one has a right to demand that each and every one who proposes to publish results of research shall know that plural subjects require plural verbs, and the subjunctive may not be used for indicative or vice versa. Yet such knowledge is painfully lacking, even among those whose publications run through decades. Mr. Drachman has shown us that literary excellence is not incompatible with scientific accomplishment, and the instances which he gives may do something to overcome scientific opposition to presentable writing. If they initiate an examination of the causes of such opposition, Mr. Drachman will have performed a really great service to science.

by Carroll Lane Fenton

UP FROM THE APE. By Earnest Hooton. The Macmillan Company, 1931. \$5.00.

The story of man's rise from the ape is one which bears repeated telling. Unfortunately, the accounts often have been marred by a moral urge to convert (rather than to convince) skeptics, or by enthusiasm for the progress of man himself, so great as to rob the apes of deserved attention.

Professor Hooton avoids both pitfalls. He writes with easy, poised good nature, with an utter lack of the dogmatism which seems an essential part of evolutionary argument. And he tells more about the apes than those of us who have failed to follow the latest researches in primate anatomy, physiology, and psychology ever dreamed was known. Quite properly, he draws no basic distinction between the apes and ourselves; his discussion of structure, function, and habit move from one organism to the other as nature dictates—a scheme which goes far to remove the

artificial barriers of sentiment with which even the biologist may surround humanity.

Sentiment—at least, soft sentiment—seems quite foreign to Professor Hooton. His accounts of fossil man are cool, composed, and up-to-the-minute; he refuses to either weep for the fallen or sing paeans to the victors, while his comments on conflicting theories of relationship and descent show both poise and humor. Virtues, these, which forestall umbrage at his conclusions—even those which, like the one that Matthew's principle of dispersal "implies that evolution operates only upon the animals which remain at the original center of dispersal", seem questionable or wrong. Unless Professor Hooton can produce better evidence than this, we must favor the theories of human origin and dispersal which emanate from New York rather than Cambridge.

In the matter of racial nature and relationships in living man, Professor Hooton's skepticism seems to be better grounded, and incidentally, of greater significance in the business of living. His account of the interrelationships of modern people, and the extent of crossing, should do much to discount propaganda of the "great race", whatever that race may happen to be. That such propaganda should prosper, and even assume the guise of sound anthropology, is astonishing. Or at least, it should be to those who do not accept Professor Hooton's basic thesis that man, even though he has risen far above the apes, cannot hope to sever his relationship to them.

RED BREAD. By Maurice Hindus. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. Pp. 372.

Heaven be praised this is not another book about Russia's "social laboratory". True, while the mind of the author is too much with economic strategies, drives, and objectives, there is enough of that admirable objectivity marking the understanding observer of human groups and individuals. The economies of collective agriculture are admittedly great; the individual peasant is taught to act "in the mass" and to participate an economic and social decisions,—advantages far outweighing the sacrifices and the mal-

adjustments involved in the change. Yet Mr. Hundus is too speculative and too much in a hurry to arrive at a final judgment. It is natural for the dispossessed strip-cultivator to grumble and to fight back; but it is incorrect to speak of the socialization of agriculture as a deliberate movement to "uproot" the peasant. Against the troubled and bewildered old peasant of the wooden plough, there is the peasant youth with his pride in the tractor, the village library, and the social club. There is suffering, but there is also social comprehension. It is not Soviet politics which is deliberately changing the Russian countryside, but agricultural science and large-scale enterprise, which are inevitable social forces. But Soviet politics has this to its credit, that it is aiming to make the masses the real beneficiaries of modern technology in agriculture. Is it not better to be "driven" into collective farming, if persuasion fails to change the mentality of the strip-rooted soil-scratching peasant, than to be driven off the land by gentleman farmer and land speculator? The author should study the history, say, of English enclosures or the mortgage-burdened farming of America, and draw up a comparative balance sheet of social loss in the systems of laissez-faire and economic planning under human control.

E. M. K.

ENGLAND'S CRISIS. By André Siegfried. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. Pp. 317.

With engaging frankness and every appearance of liberal thought M. Siegfried reveals the false security of contemporary England faced with the ruthless competition of America in the world markets. The facts of high production costs and obsolete methods of work and management are not new to the student of industrial England. What is surprising is the find Professor Siegfried stress so unduly the high wages of labor and the hostility of the trade unions to wage reductions as the main causes of England's decline, and neglect almost entirely the inflated capital structure of many industries and the heavy pressure of land values on business in general. He believes that the future of England is in Europe with which she is allied geographically and culturally, but he favors the establishment of an English-speaking federation

combined with a policy of protection at home. It is not revealed how Great Britain may achieve both a federation with the over-sea dominions and tariff protection, without still further undermining the welfare of her population and her international position as an exporter of goods, services and capital. E. M. K.

THE PROPHET OF SAN FRANCISCO. By Louis F. Post. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1931. Pp. 352.

It is a good title for a book about Henry George. It was bestowed on him by the Duke of Argyll as an epithet of derision after an admittedly hurried glance into *Progress and Poverty*. Whether the single tax is a true social doctrine or not, Henry George belongs to the American folk, to the American democratic tradition, the folk-feeling about land, society, monopoly, social justice. This book was not intended as a biography, or as a history of the single tax movement. It is the memoir of a personal friend, the interpretation of an intimate disciple, who instinctively bares his head at the mention of the name of Henry George, as one might on hearing the name of Walt Whitman or of Abraham Lincoln. He is always "Our Prophet," the man who has recovered a precious truth for mankind, a truth it will need in the coming struggle with privilege. "The climax must come, or the essential principles of democracy and Christianity must go. Neither can continue, much less grow strong, on a planet where the advantages of social progress are swallowed up in land values owned by a law-favored class."

E. M. K.

THE TRAGEDIES OF PROGRESS. By Gina Lombroso. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1931. Pp. 329.

The list of indictments of industrialism is growing uncomfortably long, but this is the first attack led by a woman. It strikes boldly and blindly at everything,—political conditions, material destruction, pauperism, unemployment, moral decadence, boredom, nervous exhaustion, disease, increasing costs of living; the industrial system itself was "born with artificial and immoral aid" and now it is on its last leg. Madame Lombroso finds inherent and inescapable contradictions within the order of progress and prosperity and she supplies the inventory of the destructive consequences of "machinism", a term but faintly conveying the hiss

and derision of the Italian word *macchinismo*. Sometimes the attack swerves, and the blows fall thick and hard on the rulers of the machines and the capitalists in general for the "immorality with which they have used the machines they have created". Madame Lombroso hopes for the return of small industry and agriculture, for the day of small holdings bringing with it liberty and peace, when the genius of man will turn again to philosophy, to learning, to politics, to the arts of self-perfection.

E. M. K.

THE REDISCOVERY OF THE FRONTIER. By Percy Holmes Boynton. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1931. Pp. 184.

The concept of the frontier is purely factitious. Convenient enough to serve the historian of American social conditions, the literary student has, in many instances, appropriated it indiscriminately to explain attitudes and styles beyond its periphery. Its danger in the interpretation of literature is that it tends to discharge particular problems because it so readily over-simplifies the materials of American literature. The time has arrived to challenge its adequacy.

Even Dr. Boynton's cautious and judicious exposition, which adds nothing new to the concept, overdoes the "frontier thesis". In the six chapters (dealing successively with "The Frontier Comes of Age", "The Frontier in Literary Criticism", "The American Pioneer in Fiction", "The Immigrant Pioneer in Fiction", "The Back-Trailer in Fact and Fiction", and "Implications") Dr. Boynton summarizes briefly and clearly the generally recognized influence of primitive conditions in the West during the last century upon the course of American letters. Perhaps it is the most convenient and sensible treatment available.

W. S. K.